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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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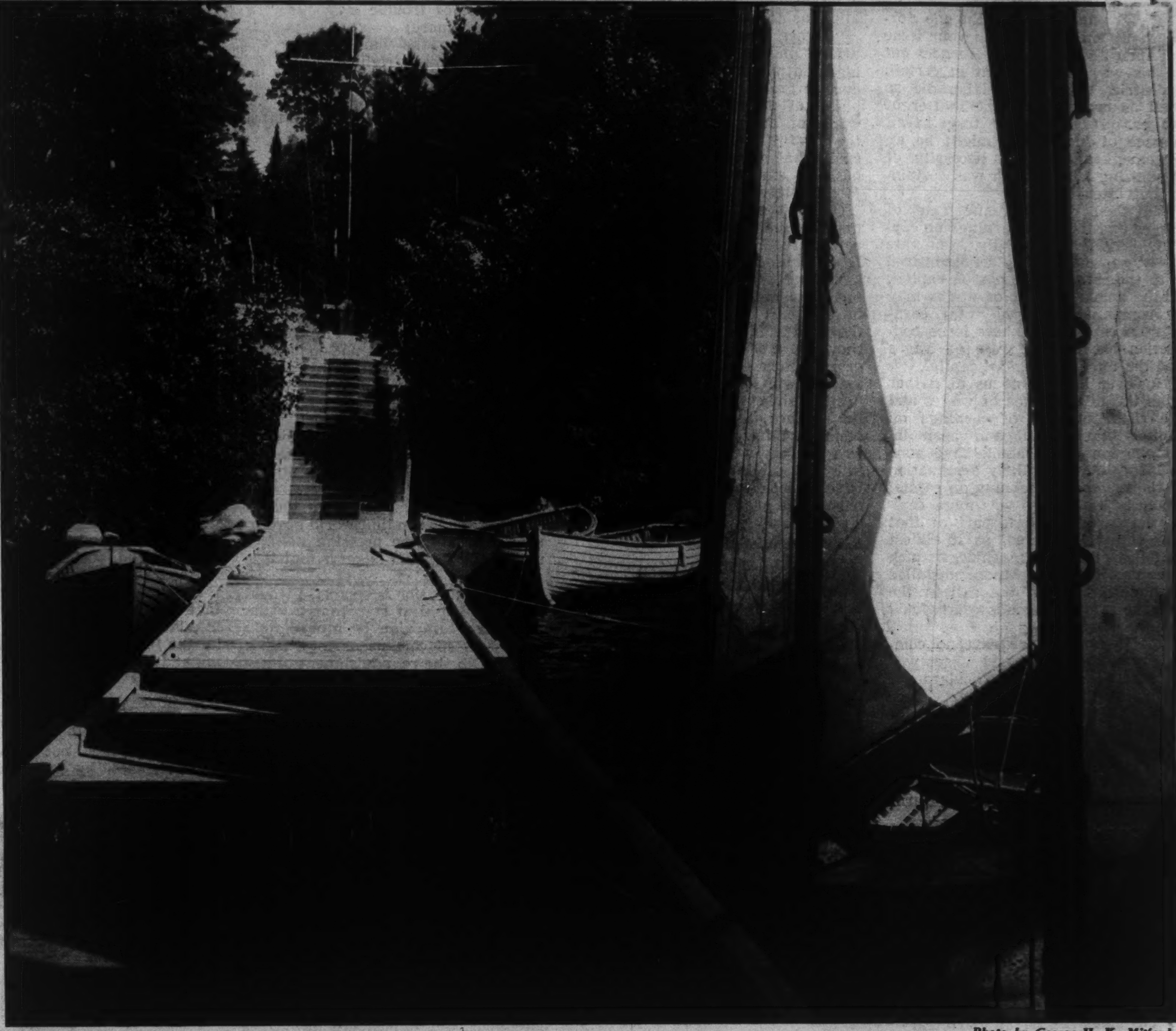

—Photo by George H. K. Mitford.

Navy League Sea Cadet Camps all over Canada are ready for next month's opening. These cutters and dinghies at Camp "Ruttan", Lake of the Woods, are in perfect trim awaiting eager crews.

THE FRONT PAGE

Friendship With Russia

THIS paper is quite as enthusiastic as it has ever been in favor of friendship between the Canadian people and the people of Russia. It is somewhat less confident than it was a year or so ago about the possibility of reaching the people of Russia in order to establish and maintain that friendship. Apparently the only thing in Russia with which Canadians can have any contact is the government of Russia; and friendship with a government is a rather different thing from friendship with a people. Where the government is a fairly accurate reflection of the attitudes and feelings of the people it may be unnecessary to draw this distinction; and where the government allows its people free access to information about the feelings and attitudes of other peoples it may be possible to draw the distinction and to maintain friendly relations with the people even if the government is not so easy to get along with. But in the case of Russia the people have no access to information about the feelings and attitudes of Canadians, and no influence upon the feelings and attitudes of their own government; and to say that that government is at present behaving in a manner to win the friendship of Canadians is to overlook a considerable number of recent actions and utterances which were certainly not calculated to produce that result.

The truth is, and the Canadian people may as well realize it, that the *people* of Russia are just about as easy to reach for the establishment of friendship, and as capable of influencing their government to express that friendship in its actions, as they were under the Tsarist rule and not a whit more so. They will never learn of anything that we do to win their friendship, and if they did it would make no difference to the behavior of their government. In these circumstances we may as well reconcile ourselves to the fact that friendship with Russia is, and can only be, friendship with Mr. Stalin and the Politburo; friendship with the people of Russia is as unattainable as friendship with the people of Neptune or Saturn or the remotest star in the Milky Way.

It is as useless to resent the fact that Russia is not a democracy as it is to pretend that it is one. It never has been a democracy, and it was unreasonable to expect that it could become one in thirty years. What we have to do is to realize that it is an autocracy, and that that fact has certain inescapable results. Autocratic rulers, unlike democratic ones, have to keep themselves in power or lose their lives; there is no such thing as a "loyal Opposition". The present rulers of Russia have to keep themselves in power through a peculiarly dangerous and difficult period, the period following the economic and social upheavals of an appalling war. Democratic governments are having difficulties enough in that period; the tasks of an autocratic government cannot be much easier and the penalty of failure is much more drastic. The Stalin regime appears to be trying to keep itself in power by convincing the Russian people that a hostile (capitalist) world is arrayed against them and is bent on their destruction. In these circumstances the task of making friends with them is even more difficult than if the Russian government were unconcerned as to what they think of us.

Canadians, we believe, have no hostility to the Russian government, but friendship for that government does not mean that we must necessarily approve of everything that it does. The situation is a little complicated by the presence in our own country of an energetic and voluble group of people who are such convinced friends of the Russian government that they consider it Canada's bounden duty to approve of everything that it does. We are becoming a little tired of suggestions that the slightest criticism of any Russian policy indicates a determination to make war on Russia and an incurable addiction to fascism. We are becoming a little tired also of those who are always representing themselves as the mouthpieces of "humanity". "Humanity demands peace", they assure us, but they produce no evidence that they were ever commissioned by humanity to express its demands, and still less evidence that the particular part of humanity whose cause they are advocating, the Russian government, is willing to pay the price of peace—the inescapable price of any real and lasting peace, namely the acceptance of an international law and a supranational authority to administer it. Was it in the name of humanity that Russia insisted on the veto power in the United Nations Charter?

Interest in Liberty

THERE appears to be a somewhat gratifying revival of Canadian interest in the rights and liberties of the subject, which is doubtless due in part to the shocking impairment of them by government action in the matter of the Japanese deportations and the spy probe. Both Montreal and Ottawa have set up organizations for the defence of civil liberty, and it will be no surprise to our readers to learn that contributors to SATURDAY NIGHT such as Mr. Eggleston and Mr. Leslie Roberts are among the persons most actively concerned. The Civil Liberties Association of Toronto—which is not to be confused with the special committee now raising funds in connection with the espionage cases—is showing signs of renewed energy.

The difficulty experienced in all such efforts in the last two or three years has been largely due to the great number of members of the younger generation who have been in uniform and withheld from this sort of activity. We are glad to note that a considerable number of these are coming into the organizations, and are prepared to sacrifice a good deal of time, energy and money to help in maintaining the essentials of British freedom. The complacency with which too many of their elders sit back and contemplate the gradual undermining of freedom, apparently without understanding what it is all about, is one of the most distressing features of the current public attitude. The younger generation, however, knows that the ideology of tyranny is not merely something to be fought from time to time in a war against an enemy country, but something that must be perpetually combatted at home. Liberty is not a matter of laws and institutions alone, but of the whole spirit of a nation. The best of laws will not preserve it if the spirit is willing to throw it away.

The Tax on Work

THERE is one defect in the present income tax system as it operates in practically every country in the world where private enterprise is in vogue, which is having serious consequences in the way of diminishing the incentive to work. It consists in the failure to distinguish between an increase of income achieved with, and that achieved without, an increase in the output of energy.

A man whose annual income is increased by $500 is taxed in the same way whether that addition is the result of his being promoted to a more responsible job, or of having his wage rate raised by the efforts of his union or the benevolence of his employer, or whether it is caused by his working several hours more per day or several days more per year. Yet the situation is entirely different in the three cases. No man, obviously, will refuse an increase of income if it results merely from an increase in his rate of pay. Few men will refuse an increase resulting from promotion, and most men do not feel that they are really working any harder even though their responsibilities may be increased and their worries intensified. But when it comes to actually doing more of the same kind of work the situation is entirely

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DEAR MR. EDITOR

A Statistical Fallacy Revealed; Grain and the Breweries

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE comment of Mr. Eugene Forsey upon an article in your issue of April 27 is illogical. He goes out of his way to show that in certain industries unorganized labor did as well as organized in the matter of wages. If that were true in all classes of industry it might be an argument against the necessity of organizing labor, which was certainly not intended.

He then compares the rate of wages and the total earnings on capital. This is simply silly. The rate of wages may fairly be compared with the rate of earnings on capital, or the whole amount of wages may be compared with the total earnings on capital, but there is no connection between the rate of wages and the total earnings of capital.

However he expects us to gather from the falling rates of wages and the rising amount of earnings on capital that capital had been infringing on what should have gone to labor. A more likely explanation of the increase of earning on capital would be that there was more capital employed. And if part of that new capital consisted, as it almost certainly did, of machines which gave employment to more unskilled than skilled labor, the fall in the average rate of wages is what would naturally result.

It is not surprising that no comparison with agricultural wages was attempted, though particulars of them seem to have existed since 1926. The Agricultural branch of Dominion Bureau of Statistics reported that men's wages in Canada were $1.75 per day in 1940, $2.06 in 1941 and $2.57 in 1942.

These would be for ordinary farm labor, but for highly skilled labor it is reported that a commission, appointed by the B.C. Fruit Growers to study the costs of growing apples in the Okanagan, had allowed $75 a month for the labor of the proprietor of the orchard, *as the current rate paid orchard managers.*

Compare that $900 a year with the rates paid industrial labor and it is clear why the latter are called "exorbitant." The 16.5 per cent asked for on all industries is an "arbitrary" addition made without any consideration as to the particular business.

"Higher than the industry can afford" means that the wage is so high that either the price of the produce is greater than the purchasing power of the public to consume the whole of the products, or else that the profits to the owners are so small that many of them go out of business and reduce the amount of jobs for labor.

One of the great causes of the unhappy thirties was that the wage rates asked, after the scarcity of labor caused by the war, were so high that though they brought the fortunate more than they had done in the past they actually reduced the total amount of wages paid, as shown in a series of articles in SATURDAY NIGHT early this year. After the late war Enterprise thought, and it still thinks, all we had to do was to produce the goods and labor seems to think much the same. That was all very well 100 years ago but it is out of date today. What we have to look to is that we can distribute the goods when they are produced.

Bonnington Falls, B.C. L. T.

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BERNARD K. SANDWELL
Editor-in-Chief

P. M. RICHARDS, Managing Editor and Financial Editor
JOHN H. YOCOM, Associate Editor
WILLSON WOODSIDE, Foreign Editor
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BERNICE M. COFFEY, Women's Editor
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A Correction

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I MUST point out an error in your issue of June 22. It is the statement that Jews have no right of access to either type of school in Quebec. It has been held by the Privy Council in the Hirsch Case, 1928 Appeal Cases, confirming a judgment of the Supreme Court, 1926, that outside of Montreal non-Roman Catholics and non-Protestants have an absolute right to attend the common denominational schools of the religious majority. In Montreal, within the boundaries existing at Confederation, non-Roman Catholic and non-Protestant children have the right to attend either Roman Catholic or Protestant schools. Mr. Lafleur went through this case, and it is settled law.

Montreal, Que. W. B. SCOTT

Grain and Beer

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN a recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT Mr. J. A. Donnell of Nanaimo, B.C., advanced the suggestion that the use of edible grains in beer was wasteful and that because of the shortage of food in Europe, breweries in Canada should be closed down.

It is apparent that Mr. Donnell is not aware that no edible grains are used in the manufacture of beer in Canada. Barley, which is the chief ingredient, is otherwise used only as feed. It may be of interest also, to explain that the most recent figures issued by the Dominion Government show that of an annual crop of about 160,000,000 bushels of barley, the brewing industry used something less than 7,000,000 bushels.

Toronto, Ont. CHARLES S. WATSON
Canadian Breweries Limited

Not War Pensions

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of June 1 you have a letter from Mr. Fraser Reid of Vancouver, in which he flays the Government for generous pensions to senior officers of the Forces. These are not war pensions, but retirement pensions to which the officers have contributed on the basis of five per cent per year of their pay from the time they entered the Canadian Permanent Force.

For instance, General A. G. McNaughton had about 32 years service to his credit when he was retired, and Major General Constantine had over 35. The most that can be drawn is thirty-five fiftieths of their pay at retirement. In other words, the service pension fund is on the same plan as a bank or civil service pension. It has nothing to do with war service, except in so far as the officer or other rank of the Permanent Force may be drawing a higher rate of pay than possibly he would have been in peacetime.

Mr. Reid's further remarks remind me of a jingle found on an old stone sentry box in Gibraltar. It might be taken to heart by many Canadians:

"God and the soldier
All men adore
In time of trouble
And no more;
For when the war is over
And all things righted
God is neglected,
The old soldier slighted."

Toronto, Ont. J. K. KEEFLER

The Alternative

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WE are told by radio and press that our most pressing need today is for international control of the atomic bomb; that otherwise we face extinction. Surely this matter is of interest to the "people," but one sees remarkably little evidence of the fact.

I feel that too much emphasis is laid on the bomb and not enough on world government. It seems to me to be axiomatic that, if the use of the atomic bomb can be controlled, then future wars can be prevented. Conversely, if future wars cannot be prevented, then no power on earth can control the use of the atomic bomb.

This leads one, I think, to the inevitable conclusion that world government is really the pressing need of today, and I would suggest that it is *pressing.*

If my conclusion is correct, I would suggest as a first step that a radio and press campaign be immediately started to educate us as to what is involved in the relinquishment of national powers to an international government.

Victoria, B.C. D. B. HUDSON

Cancer and Diet

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WHILE further effort is in progress to discover a cure for cancer, the puzzle is the cause of the disease.

Sixty-five years ago, or more, I was a boy living in the south of Ireland and I have often tried, in vain, to remember a single person, in a very considerable area, who died of this disease.

Tuberculosis! Yes, it was prevalent, but cancer, as far as my knowledge goes, was almost unknown.

Granting that this was so, it appears likely that the food we consumed would be a factor in this immunity. There was very little tinned food. We ate fresh meat, beef, mutton, pork, rabbit, chickens. Flour was mostly milled at a local mill between stones. The flour was a rich cream color, not white as the public demand today.

There were no artificially prepared cereals, we ate good stiff oatmeal porridge for breakfast with milk and a lump of butter.

The peasants lived mostly on corn meal porridge and potatoes boiled in their skins; an excellent way to cook potatoes but not an ideal diet. We consumed a liberal allowance of vegetables; butter and milk were plentiful. All the above called for vigorous dental energy with a corresponding flow of saliva.

Is it not possible that if people reverted to the excellent food of a generation ago the increase in this plague could be checked?

WILLIAM H. F. WELSH
Summerland, B.C.

The 'Margarine Racket

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I READ with interest the letter which you published by Joseph Angus, and was disappointed that you did not propose an answer to the question which he made.

The law which prohibits the sale of 'margarine in this country is one of the best examples we have of a barefaced political racket. A pressure group is able to sway the Government against the interests of the majority, owing to its superior organization, and the false political concepts of our politicians.

Peterboro, Ont. C. W. HOLMAN

Passing Show

By S. P. TYLER

FROM a Manchester paper:

> "Unless there is agreement in Paris, destruction worse than hell may await mankind."

Strong language, but better to boil over now than burn up later.

•

From a business forecast:

> "There is a growing impression that the troubles in the first half of 1946 have laid the ground for a sharp depression early in 1947."

We take this opportunity of wishing our readers a Happy New Year, in case we don't feel like it later on.

•

During the latest truce in China, the Communists are reported to have rallied their forces and inflicted further losses on the Nationalists. It is high time that someone called a truce from the truce to see if a truce can be arranged to discuss arrangements for a truce.

•

Withdrawal To End All Withdrawals

From Hansard:

Mr. Smith (Calgary West): ...Will not the Hon. Member withdraw the word "impudence" ....?

Mr. Maybank: Anything that will advance the business of the Committee I shall be only too glad to do. I shall not only withdraw the words that the Hon. Member desires, but in addition to that I shall withdraw all the things I was thinking of saying and have not said.

•

On a certain Toronto golf course over 200 tons of earth are said to be brought to the surface each season by worms. It is not known if the earth displaced by energetic but misguided members of the club is included in this estimate.

•

Some sort of secret society of film stars is being promoted in Hollywood, but no further details will be known until the official press agent has been appointed.

From official sources we learn that most forest fires are caused by carelessly discarded cigarette butts. Sportsmen and others holidaying in inflammable areas are advised to remove the butt before lighting each cigarette.

•

Bald men are usually the most prosperous, says an American magazine. With haircuts south of the border now priced at $1.50, they are in the advantageous position of having low overheads.

•

Metaphorically Speaking

A Toronto paper, discussing attempts to saddle Premier Drew with blame for suspension of the Dominion — Provincial Conference, comments: "The plan has all the earmarks of a Mackenzie King manoeuvre, to have the tail wag the dog, let the chips fall where they may." In our view, the plan was a gift horse barking up the wrong alley and, falling into the stew, became a bee in Premier Drew's bonnet.

•

A Hollywood star who married and divorced the same husband three times, has now married him again. Her friends, believing the worst, are strongly suspicious that she is beginning to like the fellow.

•

A syndicated medical column informs us that the spine "is the most outstanding piece of mechanism in the human body." In these days of backless swim suits, its prominent role is particularly noticeable.

•

Over many years, a Tacoma (Washington) clergyman has had 14,000 sermons placed in bottles and dropped into the sea. The reverend gentleman's success seems to depend solely upon keeping his sermons dry.

•

From a social column:

> "Mrs. Belle Culpepper is improving after an operation. Ten guests enjoyed this delightful affair."

We fear that Mrs. Culpepper now feels more cut-up than ever.

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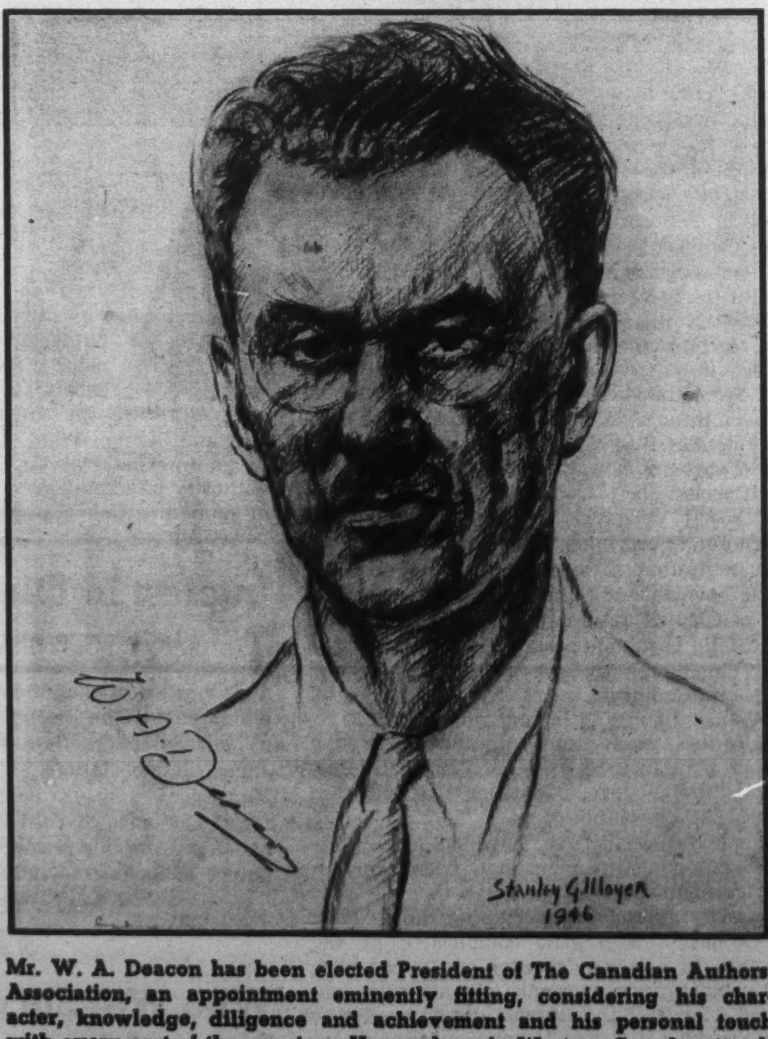
A Hollywood journal presents a pictorial story of an angling competition among movie starlets. Who knows but one day the experience may help them to hook a big fish.



Mr. W. A. Deacon has been elected President of The Canadian Authors' Association, an appointment eminently fitting, considering his character, knowledge, diligence and achievement and his personal touch with every part of the country. He was born in Western Canada, attended College in Toronto, practised Law for a while in Winnipeg and at times contributed book-reviews to the Winnipeg papers. The merit of his writing brought him to Toronto as Literary Editor of "Saturday Night," and since 1922 he has been known as one of the ablest critical writers in Canada. He went from this office to "The Mail and Empire" and continues with "The Globe and Mail." He has a steady faith in Canadian Literature, past, present and future, and a determination to help make it the adequate interpreter of this great country.

The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

different, and the worker immediately begins to ask whether it is worth while to perform the additional work for a much lower net remuneration per hour or per job than he was getting for the previous work. With the tax being actually taken out of his pay envelope before he gets it, the difference in rates is too obvious to be ignored.

The same consideration applies to the work of the wife of an earning husband. Her income becomes liable to the top rate applicable to the husband's income, for everything that she earns above $660, and if she is paid by the hour or job she is likely to stop work at that point.

The truth of the matter is that there is a real loss to offset against the income in the case of any increase obtained merely in consequence of an addition to the work done. A scientific tax system would take this into account, though it would doubtless be extremely difficult to devise a just and effective method of doing so. In the meantime the accent on "take-home pay" in the demands of labor is clear proof of the resentment of the general mass of wage earners at making any direct contribution to the government's revenues, no matter how high the annual income may go.

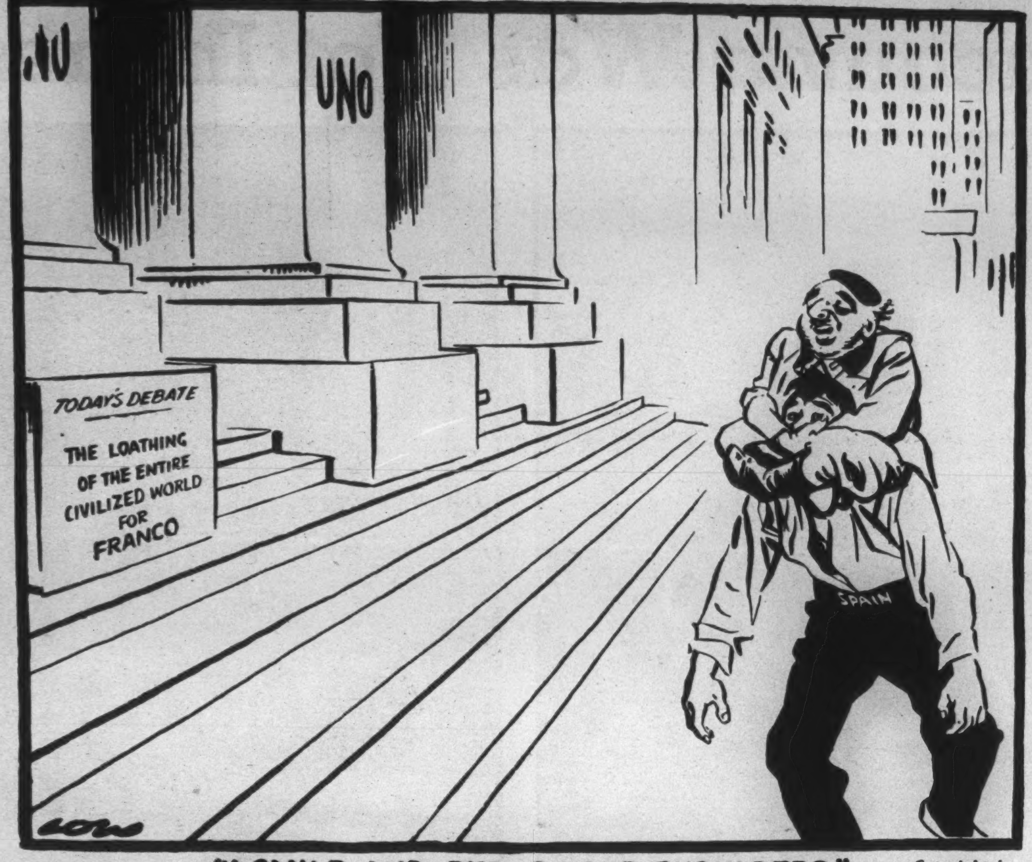
Frank Language

THE Montreal *Star* has received a letter containing a clipping of one of its editorials on the seamen's strike with the comment: "This stinks!—You live on the labor of unpaid workers in your own plant!" This communication was contained in an envelope bearing tne frank of a Member of Parliament whose initials are H.G.A., and who is thus identified with reasonable certainty as Mr. H. G. Archibald, C.C.F. member for Skeena, B.C. The *Star* is not annoyed at the nature of the communication; all editors are accustomed to receiving missives of that kind. But it is a little intrigued at its being mailed under the frank of a Member of Parliament, and has been still more intrigued since Mr. Archibald told the House that he did not write the communication, that he did not put the frank on it, that he locks his frank stamp up every night, and that while he agreed with the general drift of the comment he would not have put it in those words.

Frankly, we do not see that it was any business of the *Star's* whether this communication reached it under a frank or under a postage stamp. The *Star* is lucky that it was not mailed with insufficient postage so that the recipient would have to pay double the deficiency, a thing which frequently happens to us in connection with our more scurrilous letters of protest. The only person with a genuine grievance is either the Postmaster General or the Minister of Finance, one of whom in his official capacity has been robbed of four cents. The Member for Skeena can scarcely avoid the charge of a slight carelessness with his frank, but on the other hand he gets his opinion of the *Star's* editorial very widely circulated in language which is perhaps much more picturesque than he would have used himself. Everybody should be happy except the guardians of the revenue.

Legion Japanese

WE LEARN from Mr. Robert Macnicol, Executive Secretary of the B.C. Provincial Command of the Canadian Legion, that the Legion resolution calling for the deportation of the Japanese from Canada excluded not only those who served as volunteers in the armed forces but also their "immediate relatives". This fact was not mentioned in the newspaper reports of the proceedings, and we are glad to learn that the Legion's action was somewhat more consistent than we had supposed. The chief argument brought forward by British Columbians in support of the exclusion of Japanese and the deportation of those already here is that they are not assimilable; so that we have now to assume that in the view of the Legion either that argument has no validity, or persons of Japanese origin can be made assimilable by the circumstance of one of their relatives having volunteered for service in the armed forces of Canada.



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UNO
TODAY'S DEBATE
THE LOATHING OF THE ENTIRE CIVILIZED WORLD FOR FRANCO
SPAIN
LOW

"I SMILE AND SHRUG YOUR SHOULDERS"

Copyright in All Countries

Mr. Macnicol admits that the Japanese problem is a very perplexing one, which is something of a concession, since the Legion's resolution shcwed no signs of being perplexed by it at all, and called quite plainly for the deportation of all Japanese except those protected by the exception clause. It does not seem to have perplexed the Legion that there must unquestionably be many Japanese in Canada, just as loyal to Canada as those whom the resolution protects, who are prevented from obtaining that protection by nothing more than the accident that they were not themselves of an age or physical condition to volunteer during the war, or had no "immediate relative" of that age and condition. We might add that proposals for mass deportation are always perplexing; even the Germans found them so.

Defiance of Authority

THE frankness with which some of the leaders of the seamen's strike admit their personal participation in totally illegal acts of violence would be almost incredible if their statements did not appear in papers as friendly to their side as the Toronto *Star* and the *Canadian Tribune*. A certain Tom Bates, described as a union delegate, gave the *Star* a circumstantial account of an attack on sixteen strike-breakers at Midland by a hundred union men; nine of the sixteen were driven twelve miles from Midland and left with their luggage "after my men gave them a good thump or two." He also said that five of these men "had been given a pummelling but Edward Butineau had not incurred a broken arm," and there are further details of a "trial" with Mr. Bates as judge and a jury consisting of strikers.

A certain amount of violence in disputes of this kind is not surprising, but the calculated defiance of authority involved in the giving of these interviews is a more serious matter.

Wave-Lengths

JUDGING from some of the indignant letters which we read in the daily newspapers, a portion of the Canadian public has acquired the idea that radio station CFRB is about to be taken away from its owners and operated by the C.B.C. This is an idea which it would not be difficult to get from some of the propaganda issued in connection with this transaction, but it has no resemblance to what is actually proposed. There will be no change in the ownership, management, programs or station power of CFRB; there will be a change in the wave-length on which it operates, and that is all.

The wave-length upon which CFRB at present operates happens to be one of six which are assigned to Canada by international agreement and which are subject to no limitation of power, because they are so different from any other wave-length in use that they cannot interfere with or be interfered with by anybody else. The international agreement requires that all such wave-lengths, to be retained by the nation to which they are assigned, must after a certain date be operated with the power of five kilowatts; that date has been several times postponed owing to wartime difficulties about equipment, but it is now close at hand. It is part of the fundamental policy of national broadcasting in Canada, as established by the Broadcasting Act, that all stations of this exceptional power shall be owned and operated by the C.B.C.

Recognition of a proprietary right to a wave-length is something which has never been accorded either in the United States or in Canada. The whole usefulness of any wave-length depends absolutely upon the exercise of the sovereign power of the state, in agreement with the sovereign power of other states, to prohibit all other persons from using the same wave-length in such a way as to interfere with the person to whom the wave-length has been assigned. Thus, while the wave-length itself is not created by the state authority, its usefulness is entirely so created. It has therefore always been held that the right to use a wave-length is a privilege granted by the state, by license, and revocable by the state at any time, and all licenses are expressly granted for one year at a time and subject to cancellation for cause even within the year.

The recognition of a proprietary right to the wave-length now used by CFRB would be peculiarly illogical, since it would grant to one private owner a perpetual right to operate at an immensely greater power than can be obtained by any other private owner in Canada. If there were any real prospect of CFRB being allowed to go to five kilowatts (as it would have to do if it retained its present wave-length) there would be howls of protest from all the other private stations which are in competition with it. As it is, the competing stations apparently feel that it is a good idea to support CFRB in making a grievance of an action, the omission of which they would themselves regard as a grievance if the C.B.C. were to decide to leave the wave-length to its present occupants.

Authors Meet

THE annual convention of the Canadian Authors' Association, which has been taking place in Toronto during the latter half of this week, marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the organization, which came into existence in March, 1921, for the purpose of pressing for the adoption by Canada of the revised convention of Berne on international copyright. Attempts to legislate for this purpose had been made at Ottawa in the two preceding years, but had failed owing to the violent conflict between the various affected interests. It is interesting to note that the three chief officers of the Association's first year, and the whole of the copyright committee which worked with them, are still alive and active both in literary work and (with one exception) in the affairs of the society; they were John Murray Gibbon, B. K. Sandwell, W. S. Wallace, Madge Macbeth, Warwick Chipman, R. J. C. Stead and Arthur Stringer.

Copyright legislation ceased to occupy much attention within a few years of the birth of the Association, but it has found plenty of other matters to keep it busy. That it has added substantially to the dignity and prestige of the literary profession in Canada can hardly be disputed. It has, moreover, brought a great many of the literary workers of Canada, in both languages, into close and friendly relations and developed in them a sense of their common interests. In this far-flung country this is a work of the highest importance, and it is good to know that this convention, the first after the war, has brought together a large and representative body of writers from all parts of the Dominion.

More of P.C. 10773

THE full scope of P.C. 10773 was not adequately set forth in the article dealing with that subject in last week's issue. Not only does it provide for the denaturalization of British subjects upon their departure from Canada; it provides also that, "in the discretion of the Secretary of State", any British subject who applies for repatriation to a state at war with Canada, "but is not so repatriated", may be deprived of his status as a British subject even while remaining in Canada, and the wife and minor children of such a person may, in the same discretion, be similarly deprived.

This has the effect, if it is constitutional, that every British subject among the Japanese who applied for repatriation, and every wife and minor child of such a person, will henceforth hold his or her citizenship entirely at the will and pleasure of the Secretary of State of Canada, even though he should never leave Canada; and even though the whole of the orders-in-council under which the application for repatriation was made are declared to be invalid.

We suggest that this is not a proper conception of the true character of Canadian citizenship or of the status of British subject, and that P.C. 10773 should now be revoked.

THE DARK CAT

THE dark cat, Death,
  Caught me in youth and claimed me;
His sharp bright teeth bit through
Sinew and bone and maimed me—
Then let me go, to run
My staggering course, and feel
The glory of the sun
That warmed but could not heal.
—Ah, well! he had his sport, he never tamed me.

All the quicksilver, wild,
Unweighed, unstinted rapture of the child,
Filling the veins with wine,
Still, still is mine.
I loved to run, I love it yet; but now
My heart, whole and complete,
Outruns my feet
To dance where danced the shadow of the bough.
Here where the vines are laced with vivid green—
Here where are seen
The spider-webs all glittering-strung with dew,
Wheel-within-wheel of diamonds—here anew
I stand to look and feast my soul and still
I have not looked my fill.
If ever earth ran down, if any day
Was like another day,
And God forgot to make the fruit trees gay
With petalled pearl-and-rose
Spilling their windy snows—
Why then, who knows?
I might forget to feel my spirit whole,
Who have immortal April in my soul.

O Death, your mouse
Is given the freedom of so fair a house,
A house so high,
Pillared with pines, roofed with the changing sky!
Though through green leaves I see
The glimmer of your green eyes watching me,
And feel your following breath—
I cannot fear you, Death.

You should have closed my ears and shut my sight
Before I looked on light,
Before I had begun.
You should have taken me away too soon
To count the silvery changes of the moon,
To coin the golden sun.
Then, then you might have had a victory
That now belongs to me.

More lovely is the light
To one that knew the darkness, and that knows
The dark to which he goes—
A little dark, dissolved in clearer sight.
Too confident by half,
You'll snatch brief triumph from your last endeavor;
For when you pounce, I'll laugh
—The last laugh's mine!—and so escape forever.

AUDREY ALEXANDRA BROWN

Captain Vancouver Was Not Impressed In 1792

Fringed by 4,000-foot mountains and bordered by the Pacific, this aerial view of Vancouver shows the city's downtown section and part of the residential area.

VOGUE
PLAZA

The city's night life, one of the main tourist attractions, gets into swing. Downtown theatres, blacked-out during the war, are now sparkling with light.

Vancouver's stately City Hall, built through the efforts of Senator McGeer when Mayor in 1935.

Following the fire in June, 1886, an emergency meeting was held in an improvised "city hall."

Point Grey Junior High School, one of the 65 impressive modern schools of Vancouver's educational system. A far cry from . . . .

Hastings Sawmill School, the first school established in 1873, with white and Indian children. Date of picture approximately 1886.

By Claude Hoodspith

VANCOUVER, one of the great, young cities of North America... Canada's third largest...is celebrating its Diamond Jubilee at the beginning of July.

What is now a very beautiful city, 60 years ago was an ugly, hell-bent-for-election, mill town of some 600 pioneers. But before that, Vancouver was even less. In fact, when the country was pried open by Captain George Vancouver, one June day 154 years ago, there was nothing but a primeval forest of giant Douglas firs and a few Indian tribes.

Captain Vancouver was not impressed. He marked it down on his rough map-sketches and sailed away.

The next visitor was doughty Captain Edward Stamp who, with a pouch full of capital from the United Kingdom, set up a saw mill on the south shore of Burrard Inlet in 1865.

About the same time, the embryo of Vancouver city was formed a little west of the mill by three iron-hearted optimists, Sam Brighouse, William Hailstone and John Morton, who hacked out homesteads and took a 550-acre tract of land. In a limited way they began farming, and in the spring of 1865, their first root crop was planted. Five years later the few shacks had mushroomed into a robust frontier town.

It was then that Jack Deighton, accompanied by his Indian woman, her brother and a coop full of chickens, landed on the shores of Burrard Inlet. Formerly a boatman on the Fraser River, Deighton, a bellicose Yorkshireman, became known about the colony as "Gassy Jack" because of his proclivity for talking on any subject. It was not long before this Yorkshire "diamond" built his first hotel, and solely because of his talkativeness Vancouver took the indelicate name of Gastown.

A few years later, the inhabitants of the hamlet—by then boasting two hotels, several restaurants, a Chinese-owned laundry, and two business offices, decided to incorporate. On April 6, 1886, the infant metropolis was granted incorporation by a special charter of the Legislature in Victoria.

Two months later, the city received its first set-back when the settlement was erased by fire. It was a cruel blow, but it didn't deter the tough core of determined pioneers, for in six months the scorched landscape was dotted with 350 buildings housing 2,500 people.

TODAY the "Gateway to the Pacific" welcomes its visitors. Where these gentlemen of Gastown had levelled the forests and had built a stump-strewn logging road leading to the town, now five car-clogged highways stretch to the heart of Vancouver.

Tourists, one of the city's biggest sources of revenue, can drop into a three-million-dollar civic airport. Not only rated as one of the best airports in the Dominion, it has a priceless record of being the safest on the North American continent. Today, three major airlines use it daily, and last year brought 104,053 passengers from the four points of the compass.

Vancouver is a city of contrasts.

Where tall-masted sailing vessels dipped their bows and swung with the tide while waiting their turn to load lumber, today liners and tramp steamers from every country of the world, snug up to one of 59 berths for deep-sea vessels. In addition, there are seven grain elevators, three drydocks and 64 ways, and 98 miles of water frontage. Last year more tonnage was entered and cleared in the port than in any other harbor in Canada.

In the old days, it was a village ritual when a one-armed lamplighter who was also the jailer, used to light the city lamps. Compare that with the eleven hydro, three steam and three gas plants for generating today the cheapest electricity on the Pacific coast. With the advance of electric power came the growth of transportation. When the village had only three rutted streets, there was little use for street cars. Now there are nearly 300 miles of tram tracks, 334 street cars and 120 buses, which carried approximately 60 million passengers in 1945.

Greater Vancouver jam-packs eight ultra modern public hospitals in addition to many private institutions, yet a tiny shack, holding seven beds was its first sick bay. A telephone call was once an occasion for doubt and speculation, but now some 169,000 subscribers keep the lines humming.

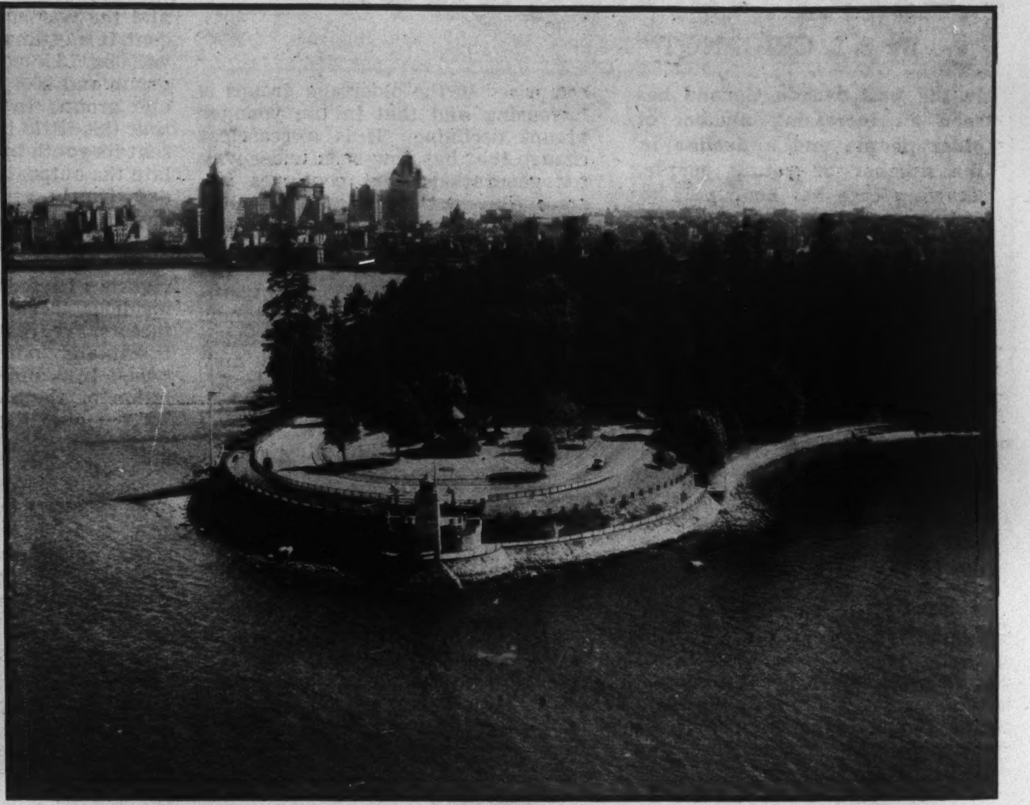
EDUCATION has always been number one priority with citizens of Vancouver.

The first school, rebuilt after the great fire, was a one-room frame building which rocked and creaked to the scuffling and tramping of the 90 youngsters. It was known as Hastings Mill School, and was the seat of learning for hundreds of pioneers. Vancouver schools today house more than 45,000 boys and girls taught by 1,194 teachers in the city's 53 elementary and 12 high schools. There are also 90 private schools and a Normal School.

Civic pride in the expanding University of B.C., second only to Tor-

But He Would Marvel If He Came Back Today

The excellent harbor has 98 miles of water frontage, of which half is suitable for deep-sea anchorage, three drydocks and 59 berths for ocean-going vessels.



Within a few minutes drive of the centre of the city is famous Stanley Park, containing thousands of Douglas firs and giant cedars of amazing size and age.

onto University in size, is understandable. The enrolment increase has been phenomenal with the total standing now at 7,200 pupils.

To meet this growth, it has been necessary to build a $800,000 unit in addition to taking over 110 Army huts for lecture rooms, and two Army camps for housing veterans and their families. Faculties now at U.B.C. include Arts, Science, Commerce, Education, Agriculture, Applied Science, Nursing, Law, and there are prospects for a chair in Medicine in 1947.

Culturally, too, Vancouver takes her place in the forefront of Canadian art and music. She boasts 34 lending libraries and has recently passed a by-law for a $1,150,000 public library to replace present cramped, dingy quarters. There are also two dramatic societies, an art gallery and a Vancouver Symphony Orchestra.

Canada's third largest city is a gay centre and great stress is placed on entertainment . . . indoor and outdoor.

The moustached city fathers, when they had time, probably played cribbage in the winter and pitched horseshoes in the summer. But look at the entertainment picture today.

This year, 12 golf courses, seven beaches, five indoor and four outdoor swimming pools, a curling and ice skating rink lure the athletic. Also within three miles of the city there are four ideal ski centres on slopes 4,000 feet high. For the less energetic, there are 37 theatres, and 100 parks, the largest being world-famous Stanley Park with a circumference of ten miles.

WHAT are citizens of Vancouver like?

Records show that ever since its birth Vancouver has had an extremely cosmopolitan population. In this international fusion, the British race predominates, but U.S. influence is very noticeable. Pacific trade and immigration from the Orient have added a definite Asiatic element. Scandinavians also have found this coast of high mountains, island and deep penetrating fiords reminiscent of their native land.

Crowning all of Vancouver's glories is its climate . . . a definite ace for publicity-wise citizens. It can be foggy, wet, sunny, raining, and snowing all in one day . . : and often is during the winter. But its selling point is moderation; seldom is there an extreme even in the amount of rainfall. The following table illustrates this point:

Wind average over 29 years . . . 4 to 5 mph.
Year's average of sunshine over 22 years . . . 1,847 hours.
Rain over 10-year average . . . 57.54 inches.
Temperature over 33-year average . . . 50 degrees F.

Equally attractive is Vancouver's never-to-be-forgotten scenery. As in a Tiffany setting, this man-made diamond nestles in the rugged grandeur of the surrounding mountains. To the north, a cloud-high ridge of snow-capped mountains form a protective border; to the east and south there are miles of rich meadow lands; and to the west is the Gulf of Georgia, dotted with many islands.

AND what of the future of this Western seaport?

The nineteenth century belonged to the Atlantic, but the twentieth may usher in the supremacy of the Pacific and make Vancouver a vast world port . . . for land, sea and air. Wishful thinking, however, is for the more distant future. A true estimate of Vancouver's more immediate tomorrow can be made by an evaluation of the city's present resources and population, plus what a cool-headed investor might be expected to see by way of increase by 1960 and 1980.

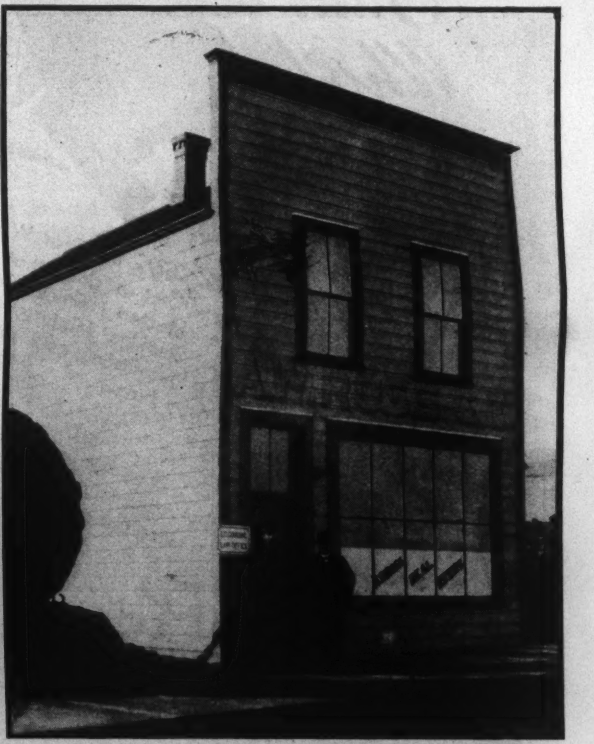
To the critical eye of the investor, Vancouver's industrial position is extremely robust. Geared to 900 industrial firms, the industrial pulse of the metropolis beats out more than $400,000,000 in manufactures annually; is third in Canada with an approximate total of 79,000 citizens going to work daily. According to the last report, Vancouver is a close second to Montreal in the number of building permits issued during 1944, with a total value of $18,942,476.

The miracle is not that this metropolis was transformed from stumps to skyscrapers in 60 years. The real cause for astonishment is that over a third of a million people have settled here to call Vancouver home, since those first early pioneers.

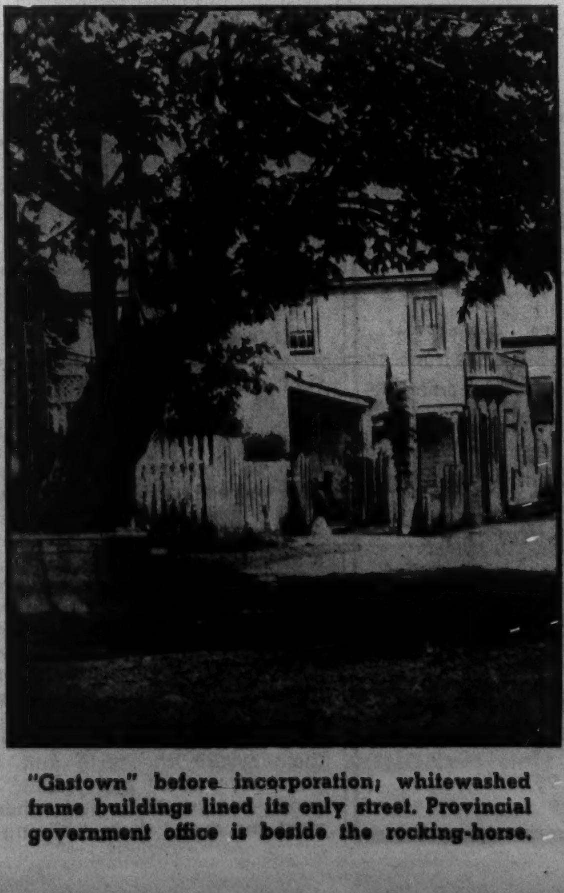
This "city of destiny" has been neither the exclusive haven of heroes nor of saints. Its energetic people have gone through the vicissitudes of pioneering in which men and women of all cultures have been thrown together. Square corners have been rubbed off, a spirit of give-and-take and a freedom of thought have developed which mark Vancouver among the big cities of Canada.

Few of those who have experienced the ups and downs, the buoyant comradeship of the old days, regret that their lot was cast in a city unaccustomed to all the restraints and security of older Eastern communities.

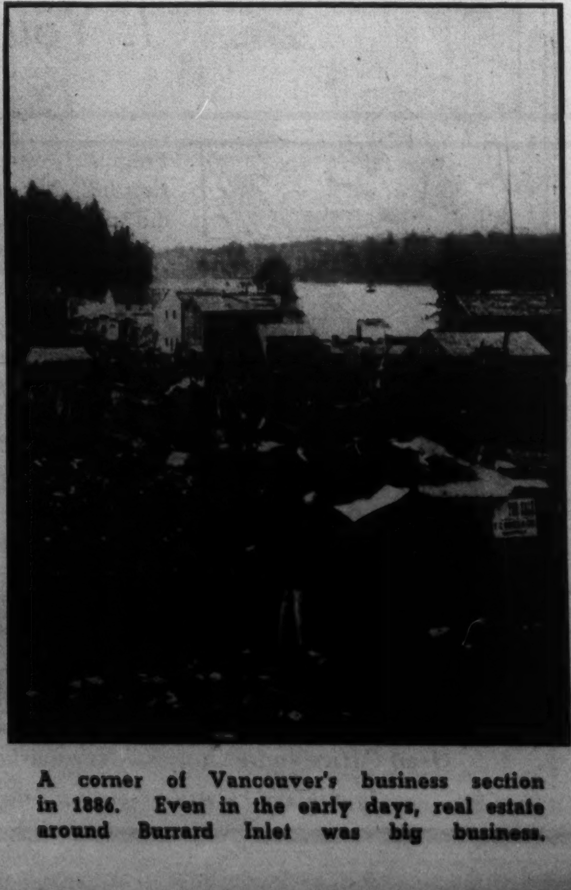
Built in 1882, the city's oldest house, occupied by its first owner, sits beside Marine building.



Box-like structure on Hastings Street which is reputed to have been the first office building.



"Gastown" before incorporation; whitewashed frame buildings lined its only street. Provincial government office is beside the rocking-horse.



A corner of Vancouver's business section in 1886. Even in the early days, real estate around Burrard Inlet was big business.

Youthful Immigration Policy Is Required

By E. L. CHICANOT

In the past decade Canada has seen an increasing number of older people and a decline in the number of young people. Growing care has been paid to older people and since they find it difficult to adapt themselves to technical advances, there is greater unemployment in this class. This is inevitable as more and more doctors are specializing in the prolongation of life while the birthrate remains low. To correct this condition Canada should have immigration of young children. Their absorption into the national life would be assured. Today every person concerned with Canada's future should keep this in mind.

A MARKED trend in the population situation of the English-speaking countries that goes largely unnoticed by the average individual is the ageing of the population. That is the proportion of the population comprised in the older age groups is increasing and that in the younger groups declining. It is a ceaseless change that has now been under way for generations that continues imperceptibly but relentlessly to alter the balance between maturity and youth.

It is, of course, the effect of the combination of a diminishing birthrate and increasing life expectancy. While, in general, a baby born today in the English-speaking world may anticipate living from twelve to fifteen years longer than had he made his appearance at the beginning of the century, the birthrate in the constituent countries has been falling steadily. In other words, while medical science is saving more babies and taking them safely through childhood, adolescence and youth, fewer babies are being born to be the beneficiaries of this modern medical knowledge and preserved to middle and old age.

The resulting situation has become sufficiently critical in other countries as to have focussed attention from many directions upon it and the problems arising out of it. In Britain, for instance, whereas in 1931 the proportion of the total population under 15 years of age was 24.2 per cent and the proportion of the men over 65 and the women over 60 was 9.6 per cent, it is estimated that by 1971 there will be 16.5 per cent in the youth group and 20.8 per cent in the older age group. In 1971 it is estimated that this little island, which formerly sent its youth by the millions to populate the outposts of Empire and is today barely reproducing itself, will have 9,500,000 persons over the age of 65.

Nor is the younger and more vigorous United States free from this insidious trend, for which the same factors are responsible. It is significant and indicative that while between 1930 and 1940 the total population of the Republic increased by 7.2 per cent the number of persons over 65 in the population increased by 35 per cent. The median age of the population of the United States, which in 1890 was 21.4 years and in 1930 26.4 years, was in 1940 28.9 years. It is authoritatively estimated that by 1980 some 40.4 per cent of the population of the United States will be over 45 years of age.

Ageing Population

Canada is proceeding just as inevitably towards the same drastic inequality, though we pay little regard to the decline in the younger age groups and the increase in the older age groups which have been going on consistently since the first Dominion census was taken.

For instance, while there were 287.2 per 100 in the population in 1871 under 10 years of age, there were but 236 per 1,000 in 1901, and 182.3 in 1941. While at the time of the first national census there were only 55 per 1,000 of the population 60 years or over, there were 77.1 in 1901, and 102 in 1941. The same is true of all the age periods, the younger age groups tend to steadily decline and the older ones to increase. In 1871 809.7 per 1,000 persons in the population were under the age of 40; in 1901 only 775; and in 1941 688. In 1871 190.9 per 1,000 of the population were over the age of 40; in 1901 245.0 and in 1941 311.6.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics bulletin "The Future Population of Canada" projects this trend into the future to make revelations that, to say the least, are disturbing. For instance, persons over 65 in the population who constituted 6.7 per cent of total in 1941 will by 1971 represent 11 per cent of the aggregate. While the school age group 5.14 decreases over the three decades by about 5 per cent and the youth group 15-19 by about 12 per cent, the ageing group 45-64 increases in the period from 28.4 per cent to 36.1 per cent.

Increasing realization of this situation in the older countries is resulting in an appreciation of the problems emerging out of it and a disposition to attack them. The observant reader cannot have failed to be impressed with the greater degree of attention being devoted to the matter of old age from many directions. A new medical term, geriatrics, is increasingly encountered and coming to be familiarly bandied about. The amount of thought being devoted by public authority to the housing and general maintenance of older people is striking.

Twilight of Life

Medical science, noticeably in Britain and the United States, is discovering a new and widening scope for its activities in the increasing proportion of older people in the population. Its efforts are directed towards making the latter years of life more healthful, vigorous, and useful, and more and more medical men are coming to make geriatrics a specialty. Public authorities, to an obviously growing extent, are concerning themselves with the problem posed by the increasing number of old people likely to become partially or wholly dependent, with coordinating public and private resources existing for the care of old people, of setting up modern hostels for them where the term and atmosphere of "relief" and "public assistance" are avoided, and where the aged can spend their declining years in decency and comfort and the maintenance of personal dignity and self respect.

In Canada this continuing and accentuating trend seems bound to bring changes in the domestic situation which will gradually disclose themselves in various aspects. A very great deal is implied in the fact that a steadily increasing proportion of the older age groups will have to be carried by a steadily diminishing proportion of the younger age groups, much of which we will only appreciate as the situation gradually worsens.

On the face of it, it would seem we will have to look for greater unemployment among older people, especially since they are less adaptable to technical revolutions. This would seem to argue for increased social security and pensions. On the other hand this agitation to have business retire its personnel at earlier ages in order to make way for younger men loses some of its force when we realize there will be, year by year, relatively fewer of the youthful group to step into these oldsters' shoes.

Altogether it is not the pleasantest of prospects to contemplate our country, which has been the realm of the young and vigorous and visionary, becoming one in which the younger and more active and adaptable tend to be outweighed by their elders of diminishing enterprise and energy. Yet it seems inevitable, as long as doctors go on keeping babies alive, bringing them on to a lusty middle

Guess Who!

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P.S. No prize for a correct guess... but remember, Piccadilly is always a prize smoke!

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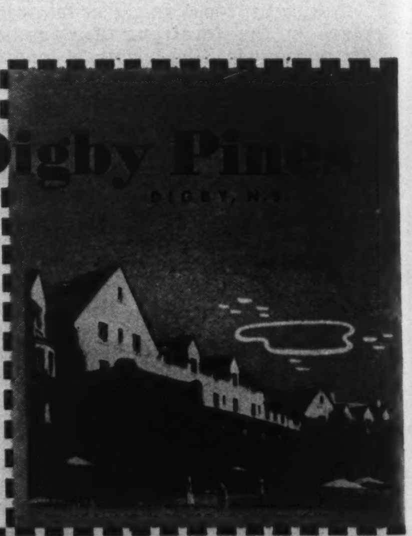

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life, and prolonging the years. One looks about for possible means of retardation.

One measure of mitigation does suggest itself as open to Canada as one of the newer, not yet fully developed countries. This Dominion would seem presented now with a peculiar opportunity for alleviating this condition of ageing, to some extent offsetting the trend and retarding the influence, while substantially benefiting herself in other diverse ways. This would be through diluting the nation's ageing human stock with juvenile blood transfused through the channels of immigration.

Immigration prospects for Canada are somewhat sombre. Despite much wishful thinking it would seem that, considering all the circumstances, no volume of British adult emigration is likely to develop. Nor does the prospect of receiving large numbers of desirable immigrants from continental Europe appear much brighter. There remains one inadequately tapped source, which we have little discussed and to which we give little attention—the vast pool of potential child immigrants.

Remedy

In the past the child movement has been probably the most successful phase of Canadian immigration. Children present no problem of procurement, placement and assimilation. Thousands have been introduced into Canadian life through various agencies, particularly over the past half-century, are today indistinguishable from the Canadian-born, and, if they could be traced, would unquestionably be found contributing to the national life in larger proportion than any other class of immigrants.

This thought occurs the more forcefully today because apparently Canada is contemplating nothing in this direction, while other countries have plans well advanced. Australia is to introduce 51,000 child immigrants from the British Isles in three years as wards of the state. They will travel to their new homes in parties of five hundred, accompanied by nurses, doctors, and dentists. They will be housed in converted military establishments close to large towns, cared for and educated through primary school age and, when they attain the secondary school standard, placed in country centres under careful and sympathetic supervisors, and thus absorbed into the community.

Canada should have some similar scheme, either government launched or in cooperation with the various agencies interested in juvenile care and emigration, which did such a splendid work in past years. It is a movement of peculiar simplicity, efficacy, and satisfaction, since the youngsters are always available, their condition is inevitably bettered by the transfer, and their successful permanent absorption into the national life practically assured.

Canada, in common with other countries of the English-speaking world, and in fact the world in general, must face up to the prospect of a national existence in which there are fewer children and young people than even today in proportion to the people in the middle and later decades of life. It is a situation which poses problems alike for youth and age, which they must jointly solve to mutual satisfaction. It would seem the part of wisdom for the nation to keep this ageing factor, indiscernible but inexorable, in mind in planning every future step in development.

• •

Petain Will Not Write Memoirs

By STEPHEN COULTER

Philippe Petain, ex-chief of the Vichy Government, has disappeared from public view since his sensational trial in Paris in August, 1945. Condemned to death, Petain was reprieved by General de Gaulle and sent to life imprisonment on the tiny Ile d'Yeu off the western coast of France. No visitors are allowed without a special pass except for his wife, who is living in the island's hotel, and his lawyer.

Nantes, France.

MORE than one hundred and twenty tough young French Republican Guards today keep watch over ninety-year-old Philippe Petain, ex-Marshal of France, in an iron-barred barracks on the lonely Atlantic island of Yeu.

The former head of the Vichy Government, who ran France for four years during the occupation, lives a rigidly disciplined life surrounded by no more than strict necessities. His prison is a small whitewashed room furnished with a narrow army bed, a wooden table and chair, a chest of drawers and a wardrobe. There is no rug on the floor, no pictures, and a bare single electric light bulb. All the windows are heavily barred.

Petain is allowed to take two half-hour walks daily in the barrack's courtyard, measuring about fifty yards long by forty yards wide. A yard behind him walks an armed guard, while on the far side of the barbed-wire barrier which closes the courtyard entrance other guards are stationed.

No visitors, except those with special passes authorized by government officials in Paris, are allowed to call on him. When the ex-Marshal was first brought to the island, local men and women used to stand gossiping outside the barracks, curious to see him. Now, they show no interest in their notorious "guest."

Madame Petain, who for the last two months has been living in a hotel on the island, is permitted to see the ex-Marshal for an hour a day. Guards are always present at these interviews, and at those of Petain's lawyer, Jacques Isorni, who still comes from time to time.

During her stay, Madame Petain has been caring for her husband's laundry.

An inventory of Petain's personal property has been made out, and all except a few items are to be sold. His wife, however, may be allowed to keep one of his old unifoms.

Petain, of course, is no longer allowed to wear uniform, and dresses in a somewhat shabby civilian suit with a khaki shirt open at the throat. He appears to be in good physical condition and retains the ramrod carriage of the professional soldier.

Stubborn Sufficiency

The stubborn mental attitude which he displayed at his trial has apparently not changed. When asked recently whether he wished anything done for him in Paris, he replied:

"I do not want to ask anything."

Lately, the ex-Marshal has been earnestly studying English and trying to find somebody with whom to practise speaking the language. His only newspaper is an evening one from Paris, but he is also allowed books provided they do not deal with politics. Letters from his wife and lawyer are the only ones to reach him.

Petain has told friends he will not write his memoirs.

"Memoirs are a eulogy of oneself and a detraction of others," he said recently.

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Fun Afloat...!
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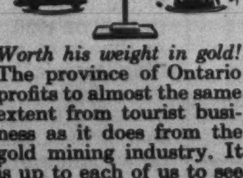
The fun they can have brings millions of visitors yearly to Ontario's rivers and lakes. Let's do our part to make their visits more pleasant than ever . . . so they'll want to return year after year!

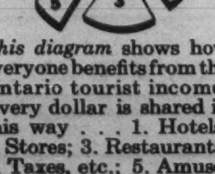
WHAT CAN I DO? The answer is *plenty!* Here are some of the things anyone can do. The suggestions come from a well-known Ontario hotelman:

1. Know the places of interest and beauty spots in your district and tell people about them.
2. When you write your friends in the States tell them about the places they would enjoy visiting.
3. Try to make any visitor glad he came.
4. Take time to give requested information fully and graciously.
5. In business dealings, remember Canada's reputation for courtesy and fairness depends on you.
6. To sum it all up, follow the "Golden Rule."

IT'S EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS . . . *it's good business!*



Worth his weight in gold! The province of Ontario profits to almost the same extent from tourist business as it does from the gold mining industry. It is up to each of us to see that it goes on growing.



This diagram shows how everyone benefits from the Ontario tourist income. Every dollar is shared in this way . . . 1. Hotels; 2. Stores; 3. Restaurants; 4. Taxes, etc.; 5. Amusements; 6. Garages.

It works both ways! They treat us royally when we visit them . . . we can't do less than return the compliment. Remember that it costs money to take a holiday . . . so let's see they get a good return for every penny they spend.

"Let's make them want to come back!"

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OTTAWA LETTER

Question of King's Successor Is Prompting Survey of Eligibles

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

AT THE dinner given to Prime Minister Mackenzie King by all the political parties on his return last week from Commonwealth discussions in London, he repeated his determination not to fight another general election. It was reported later on in the week, quite unofficially, that at the party caucus he was strongly urged to reconsider his decision. But quite apart from the words he actually used at the dinner, there was—to me, at any rate— a strong sense of valedictory.

The whole atmosphere of the Prime Minister's remarks was that of a man who has served his party and his country for a record length of time, who was growing justifiably weary from the steady application to problems of growing complexity and seriousness, and who would soon step down and allow younger shoulders to carry the load.

Coupled with this was a wistful and even touching aspiration to the thought of a few years or more tranquil life, spent in gathering together the many scattered threads of his recollections into a considered judgment upon the political events of the past fifty years. Mr. Mackenzie King looks well, and, as he told the audience at the dinner, he feels well, but he obviously feels that he has now discharged his responsibilities and can ask for an honorable release at any time. Personally I should not be surprised if he retired soon, though he will naturally be urged by his party to remain at the head as long as possible.

There are some new stirrings of life in connection with the National Liberal Federation which suggest that the party tacticians see in the not distant future the need to call a national convention, perhaps to prepare a new charter of party objectives, and certainly to choose a successor to the present captain.

There is no great difficulty about a house leader, should Mr. Mackenzie King elect to retire in the early future. Sitting close about him in the Commons are three or four capable lieutenants, any one of which could be counted upon to acquit himself in the best traditions of the post. I heard, during the past week, a theory that if a temporary leader had to be picked now — a "caretaker" for the period elapsing until a national convention could be called—Hon. James Gardiner would have the best chance of getting the call. I do not know how sound this is, but the Minister of Agriculture has many qualifications. His poise and assurance in the House, his strong party spirit, his courage, and his uncanny memory would all prove valuable assets. He stands in well with the French-Canadian members, and his administrative capacity is readily acknowledged even by those who are not warmly attached to him.

In the past, acting prime ministers and seconds-in-command have usually been chosen from the seats to the immediate left and right of the prime minister, namely, from the Minister of Finance or the Minister of Justice. The theory that Hon. James Gardiner would get the beck assumes that while either Mr. Ilsley or Mr. St. Laurent would stand at least as good a chance in an open party election, neither of them is particularly keen about taking on new responsibilities.

Higher Duties

It is well known that Mr. Ilsley has found the past six years an almost intolerable strain, and that, as he feels at the moment, no additional responsibilities would be attractive. It is equally well known that were he free to do so, Mr. St. Laurent would like to retire to private life and his old law practice. In pondering future developments, however, it is wise to recall that both of these ministers are men of very sincere devotion to public life and are beset with a strong sense of personal responsibility or conscience. Therefore, what they would personally like to do might not prove to be the deciding factor, if for any reason it were represented to either of them that his duty lay in assumption of House leadership.

One of the reasons why the party is very keen to persuade Mr. Mackenzie King to remain as leader as long as possible is the conviction that his retirement would be the signal for further disintegration in a cabinet group which is conceded by impartial observers to contain well above the average of competent ministers. It is no secret that Hon. C. D. Howe would like to retire when he can conscientiously do so. It is said that Hon. James MacKinnon would wish to go out at the same time as his Chief. The possibility of losing both Messrs. Ilsley and St. Laurent cannot be dismissed entirely. So that Mr. King's departure might necessitate a fairly thorough overhaul of the cabinet.

It is taken for granted that whoever may be chosen either as a "caretaker" leader of the party or a temporary house leader, a party convention will be called before any permanent appointment is made. I had assumed that this was the usual course, until I looked it up and found out that a new policy was adopted when Mr. Mackenzie King was chosen in 1919. Borden, Laurier, Macdonald, Blake and Meighen in 1920, it seems, were all selected from among their own number by the members of the party in parliament. However, the "convention" method seems by now to have been well established.

Expectations

These things take some time to arrange. If Mr. Mackenzie King plans not to participate in another general election campaign, as he has reiterated, it would be logical to expect a national convention not later than 1948, to choose a party leader who would fight the next general election in 1949 or 1950. All this, of course, is in the event of this parliament running its usual course without a major issue flaring up which cannot be settled without an election, or a defeat of the Liberal party in the House on a motion of want of confidence or a government measure of some kind.

It is probably idle to speculate on a matter still so hypothetical what a party convention would do about selecting a permanent leader. All of those, except Mr. Ilsley, in the running at present as a temporary leader are now in their sixties. If a national convention were deferred until 1948, there might be still more reason to look around for some one who was in the early prime of his political career. The choice of a relatively little-known student of 45 at the 1919 convention, in preference to such a seasoned party stalwart as Hon. W. S. Fielding (he was 71 at the time), such a popular and experienced ex-minister as Hon. George P. Graham (he was just 60 at the time) or the house leader who had succeeded Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. D. D. McKenzie, is not without its significance. The party convention of 1919 was looking ahead, and there is little doubt that they were profoundly influenced by the youth, vigor, and reasonable expectation of long life promised—and, as it proved, justifiably—by the present prime minister.

There are certain names that come naturally into any discussion of this kind. There are in the present cabinet three or four men of promise, in their forties, and at least one figure prominent in provincial politics. But by the time a national convention is called it is possible—though perhaps not very likely—that one or another of the young French-Canadians not in the cabinet but prominent among the present back-benchers, may have shown such exceptional promise as to surpass present cabinet ministers. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was not an easy man to succeed, and neither will Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King be.

But whether the latter's successor rises to either mark or not, the time is rapidly approaching when the finger of destiny is going to point to one of the men indicated here, and place upon his shoulders the responsibility of leading a historic political party.

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PREFERENCE

SIGMUND Gottober, director of Concert Program Magazines, recently conducted a survey of musical preferences of 2,000 businessmen and executives. Contrary to general belief, he found that 75 per cent of the men preferred "classical music", 20 per cent all kinds of music and only 5 per cent were strictly "popular" fans. "Carmen" and "Madame Butterfly" were the favorite operas on the list and Gilbert and Sullivan took top votes of all the operetta composers.

—*Musical America.*

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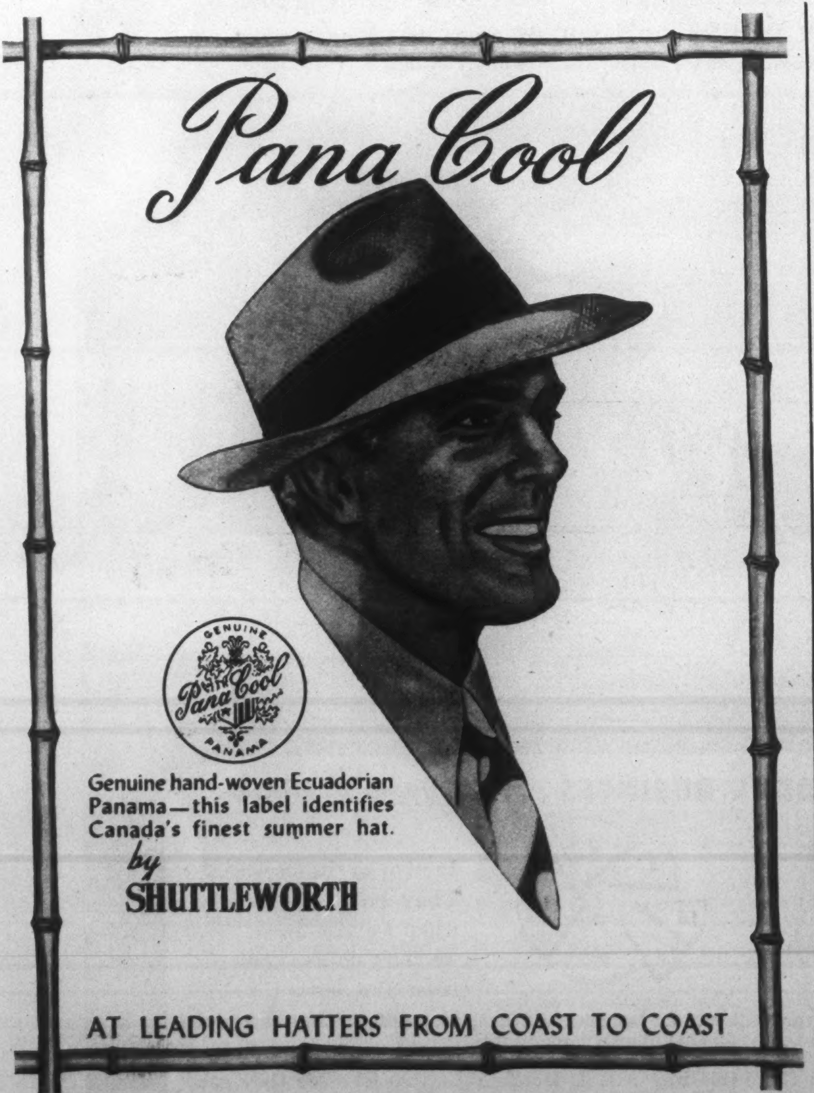

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LAKE ROSSEAU ONTARIO

A Bigger Menace Than The Atomic Bomb!

By PROF. A. M. LOW

A famous scientist here reports that bacteriological warfare is more to be feared than atomic attack. Last month a U.S. congressman said that the navy was in "possession of scientific factors which place us in an enviable position. These factors would result in devastation greater than the atomic bomb." This new weapon is believed to be a man-made epidemic of one of the oldest and most virulent diseases.

There are various ways in which biological weapons might be used—chemical agents to destroy crops, air-borne disease germs, etc., but all would have a wide application and effect. Dangerous advantages over the atomic bomb lie in the ease and cheapness of manufacturing biological weapons.

London.

ON July 1 (June 30, 6.30 p.m., E.D.S.T.), weather permitting, the world will see expensive and spectacular experiments with the atomic bomb. In Bikini lagoon a B-29 will drop an atomic bomb from about 30,000 feet on a target of 77 anchored naval vessels. The experiments, it is generally agreed, may determine the direction of armaments for generations to come and the nature of any future war.

In all the speeches, articles and pamphlets, it is taken for granted that the atomic explosive will be the decisive weapon, and that the future peace of the world depends upon the control of atomic research.

Reading a little publicized report on the research carried out by enemy and allied scientists into the possibilities of biological warfare during the last 10 years suggests to me, however, that in concentrating our attention wholly on the atom we may be overlooking a much simpler and more menacing form of warfare —the spreading of harmful bacteria or chemicals producing physiological results on man, animals and plants.

The next war, if there be one, may be biological rather than atomic and the use of biological weapons is more sinister even than that of atomic bombs. The atomic bomb can wipe out every living thing within several square miles, but its effect, although terrific, is limited.

There is no limit to the possibilities of biological weapons and the fearful thing is that those attacked may not even realize that weapons are being used.

Once you have dropped an atomic bomb your intentions are obvious whether or not you have gone through the formality of declaring war.

Horrors, Inc.

But a completely unscrupulous nation might use biological weapons for weeks and even years without its victims being aware that they were being attacked. The effects of a biological Pearl Harbor, so to speak, would be far more catastrophic than that of an explosive attack, if only because it might not be known that any attack had been made.

The use of biological weapons was examined at Geneva 20 years ago and forbidden by agreement. But Germany, although a party to the agreement, was secretly experimenting before the war and so was Japan.

Britain accordingly began research on counter-measures. It was emphatically laid down that these counter-measures should not include reprisals, whatever the provocation, but, on the other hand, it was only by examining the possibilities of attack that we could devise a defence.

In 1942, the United States joined in the research and by the end of the war, an enormous amount of work had been done. This included the development of methods and facilities for the mass production of micro-organisms and their products.

Without going into technicalities it must be obvious that, given the possibility of biological warfare, this work is as important in its way as that which led to the "mass production" of the vital constituents of the atomic explosive.

There are many ways in which biological weapons might be used. Chemical agents could be used for destroying crops or, even worse, for rendering the ground infertile. Disease germs might be spread in a variety of ways, and it is significant that the biological warfare research experts made great advances in the knowledge of control of air-borne disease.

Insidious Disease

The diseases selected for use might not be deadly. They might merely sap strength and will-power over a period.

The imagination boggles at the gruesome possibilities. I must emphasize that in most cases these are only future possibilities. There is no record of any belligerent actually using biological agents even to attack growing crops and the exact accomplishments of the research units remain secret.

I must also emphasize that the opportunity for defence, once the attack is discovered, is very great. Efficient protective measures have been evolved for many forms of attack and I believe that a defence would eventually be found for any variation known to science.

Certainly, once the knowledge that biological war was being waged had been gained, defence would be far easier than against atomic rocket bombardment.

But against this we have the fact that research and the manufacture of biological weapons can be carried on comparatively cheaply and easily under the guise of genuine medical research or manufacture. There is no need for the vast expenditure essential to atomic research or the construction of special cities for manufacture.

As with the atomic bomb there is the other side of the question. Just as the research on the bomb has shown us the way to the age of atomic power and plenty of a kind of which we had not dreamed, so has the biological research opened up enormous possibilities for the prevention and control of diseases which every year take tremendous toll of human life and health.

Actual Color Photograph of 1947 Studebaker Commander Regal De Luxe 5-Passenger Coupe

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Visitor With A Grievance

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE visitor with a grievance is always a trying guest to entertain. He insists on discussing his grievance but its actual sources remain mysterious. He carries the chip on his shoulder with an air of great patience and dignity, but he never allows anyone to forget that it is there. At times you suspect that he is using his sense of grievance as a social weapon, to flatter the people who aren't included in it and to make all the rest feel apologetic and uneasy. And while he is always ready to talk about it—insists, in fact, on talking about it—you can never get the trouble down in clear understandable terms.

"But why should people want to throw rocks through your front windows?" you may ask.

"Because they have been misled by false and malicious slander," he replies.

"Yes, but why should anyone start false and malicious slanders about you in the first place?" you inquire, and he replies at once, "In order to incite people to throw rocks through my front windows."

This can go on indefinitely; and when you have finally despaired of proving either the logicality of your position or the illogicality of his, you say, "Look, why don't you make a clear public statement that would dispose of all these nasty stories once and for all?"

"That would be beneath my dignity," he replies wearily.

SO then you say that it's too bad and you can't understand why people should treat him so shockingly. You have to say this because anything less would be regarded as criticism, and any form of criticism is intolerable. But you don't believe it. You don't really believe in the grievance itself any more. You are just wearied and exasperated and you wish inhospitably that he would take it away and nurse it somewhere else.

That, at any rate was one's feeling after Mr. Ilya Ehrenburg's recent visit to Canada.

"We came over here with our hearts and our heads to improve relationships between Russia and this country," said Mr. Ehrenburg, "leaving all work in the hope that we could add even the smallest drop of understanding."

But Mr. Ehrenburg didn't really leave his work. His work is to act as official nursemaid to the national sense of injury, and he didn't leave his charge behind. He brought it along with him and gave it a conscientious public airing on every possible occasion. There was a great deal of eloquence, but even the smallest drop of understanding failed to emerge. The only people who could have made any satisfactory meaning from Mr. Ehrenburg's address was the relatively small group which steadfastly believes that all of Russia is one vast aching grievance.

There may have been other people who really hoped that this time we were going to learn something about what was going on in the mysterious Soviet; this time, maybe, Mr. Ehrenburg might bore a tiny peephole in the iron curtain. Instead Mr. Ehrenburg bored *us*. He went immediately into the familiar routine of complaints and arguments, using over and over again the favorite Soviet syllogism which handily combines them both.

IT runs like this:

The Soviet Union is anti-fascist.

Many people criticize the Soviet Union.

Therefore, all people who criticize the Soviet Union are fascists.

Or, for variation:

The Soviet Union longs for peace.

Non-Soviet nations criticize the Soviet Union.

Therefore, all non-Soviet nations are warmongers.

To a good member of the Party, this covers the whole situation thoroughly and satisfactorily. The point is that you must not at any time criticize the Soviet Union in any of its mysterious aspects. You must not even say that you don't greatly admire the works of Shostakovitch, or that you prefer to drink tea, Canadian fashion, out of a cup without jam, because to a really sensitive member of the Party this talk constitutes a criticism of the Soviet way of life. Any criticism represents an anti-Soviet attitude, and the anti-Soviet attitude, means that you are either a fascist or a warmonger, or both.

This is obviously fantastic, but it is hardly more fantastic that Mr. Ehrenburg's parting warning that in disciplining her own civil servants on the charge of espionage, Canada was behaving "dangerously and dishonorably," since the espionage trials indicated criticism of the Soviet Union.

Mr. Ehrenburg's chief grievance, however, is against the press of this continent. The people of Canada, he pointed out, are not to be blamed for their ignorance of the Soviet, since "they know of Russia only by the newspapers, and the newspapers lie."

IT IS quite possible, of course, that newspapers on this continent haven't told the truth about Russia. It is even conceivable that in the absence of uncensored news from the Soviet they have thought up some whoppers about the Soviet Union. But if there is ignorance about Russia on this continent, it is fed not so much by the misinformation supplied by the press as by the total suppression of all information by the Soviet itself. ("You are here to get a story" a Russian censor remarked affably to a leftist Canadian journalist recently returned from the Soviet, "and I am here to see that you don't.")

Mr. Ehrenburg, a journalist himself, cautiously let slip one or two items of information which can hardly be described as clarifying. Red Army men play football near Moscow, he pointed out; a number of reconverted Soviet factories are making baby-carriages and milkcans.

"It is not we," he declared, "who make martial speeches." (This, in spite of the fact that Premier Stalin's speeches, widely broadcast in this country, have been among the most jingoistic utterances since the close of the war.) The general effect of the Ehrenburg meeting was to deepen the public ignorance of the Soviet.

The speaker praised the bravery of the Canadian soldier, a bravery that led him to be posted in the most dangerous parts of the line, and he left the inference—that the Canadian soldier is regarded as expendable—to sink in of itself. Then, having set us up with a promising little grievance of our own, he went on to enlarge on the immense, the inexhaustible Russian grievance. He did not, however, refer to any of those newspapers and journals which have bent over backwards in their efforts to put the best possible construction on Soviet behavior; for it seems to be a peculiarity of Soviet policy that you never under any circumstances acknowledge outside assistance — perhaps because this would reduce the valuable sense of injury. A grievance, if properly handled and preserved against inroads, can be built up into a major national resource.

THE Ehrenburg party appears to have been a little disappointed in its Canadian reception. "We came as friends to the Canadian people and we found our reception cold," General Galaktiniov is reported as commenting. Mr. Ehrenburg, sticking to his story, insisted that "Canadians are misinformed about Russia and arrive at their opinion about the Soviet on false information." What Mr. Ehrenburg refuses to admit, of course, is that the public, which has been able to read both the hostile press which he deplores and the friendly press which he ignores, must bear the responsibility for its own misunderstanding of the Soviet.

Since Mr. Ehrenburg brought us his very best line, and since we didn't swallow it along with the hook and sinker, he is entitled to return to the Soviet with his sense of grievance augmented. So perhaps from the mysterious Soviet point of view the visit wasn't wasted after all.

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WASHINGTON LETTER

Ex-Canadian Has Gigantic Job of Finding Food for Whole World

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

A Canadian-born food authority—another in that long line of brilliant Canucks to find a more receptive outlet for their talents in the U.S. — moved into the world spotlight this week as Secretary General of the new 20-nation international emergency food council.

As Dr. Dennis A. Fitzgerald took leave of absence from the directorship of the Department of Agriculture's Offices of Requirements and Allocation to spearhead the global fight against famine, he expressed his philosophy of food conservation in a homily as Canadian as his grizzled, smiling countenance.

"When I was a boy on the farm near Grenfell, Saskatchewan, we used to pick up the screenings after the threshing crew had left in the Fall," he said. "There was grain there and plenty of weed seeds, pigweed and stinkweed seeds — but it made swell chicken feed."

It was this writer's reference to farmyard economies practised as a boy on a grain-stock farm near Birth Hills, Saskatchewan, that elicited Dr. Fitzgerald's reference to his boyhood. The implication was obvious: grain-rich nations can well look to their "screenings" for food that will save whole nations from starvation.

Dr. Fitzgerald's appointment is one reassuring note in another troubled week for the Truman administration. Presidential decision on the riddled O.P.A. bill can spell success or failure at the polls in congressional elections this fall and presidential elections in 1948. Congress has crucial decisions to make on domestic control of atomic energy, on President Truman's proposed reorganization of federal agencies, pending labor legislation, and on the British Loan Bill, postponed a week.

It's a far cry from a Canadian prairie farm to the job of finding food for the entire world, but that's the assignment just entrusted to Dr. Fitzgerald.

Around the U.S. department of agriculture, he works in his shirt sleeves and has little regard for statutory hours. He gets in early and frequently stays until 8 or 9 p.m., including Saturdays and Sundays. Like many a Canadian farmer who never left the farm, work is his hobby. It has kept him lean at only 43, but his hair is greying.

Hoover Says He's Smart

His reputation as the U.S. leading expert on international food problems, has been enhanced by his famine scouting tour of 38 world nations with Herbert Hoover. He was the only federal official accompanying the ex-President.

Thus, when Mr. Hoover reported to the Canadian people at Ottawa this Friday about famine conditions around the globe, he was submitting not only his own observations, but information garnered by Dr. Fitzgerald. "He's the smartest statistician I've ever seen. I trust his eyes rather than his figures," Mr. Hoover declared.

Although the I.E.F.C. has only an 18-month lease on life—until December 31, 1947—its permanence will depend entirely on how well it rounds up food where it abounds and divides it with hungry peoples.

Britain's Sir John Orr believes that I.E.F.C. may well justify a permanent existence, but unanimity is lacking on this point. Russia, has not yet come into the new organization. Chairman L. A. H. Peters of the Netherlands says other countries fighting famine are "hopeful" that Russia will join.

Biggest immediate job of I.E.F.C., according to Dr. Fitzgerald, is to make the transition from the old combined food board, representing only the United States, Canada and Britain, to the new 20-nation full council, which will operate through a nine-nation central committee.

Already the council has voted to readmit former enemy nations, "... provided they satisfy the criteria of membership and satisfy the terms of reference of the I.E.F.C."

Dr. Fitzgerald explained to his first news conference that the new organization hopes to improve the famine relief program, but it will try to avoid any interruption of the present excellent work under way by La Guardia's U.N.R.R.A.

Council members have praised the food relief efforts of all food exporting nations, especially Canada and the United States. According to Mr. Van Essche, "one of the great men responsible for that is Dr. Fitzgerald."

Now an American citizen, Dr. Fitzgerald declares that his native country is supplying a "'"full market basket of everything" to famine relief. He cited its substantial shipments of meat to Great Britain, and its exports of dairy products, eggs and various grains elsewhere.

He says that Canada has been running the United States a close second on all counts, with particular reference to cereals, which are important now. Canada will have shipped 365 million bushels of grain for the year ending June 30, 1946, as compared with 400 million bushels from the United States.

B.Sc., Saskatchewan

After getting his Bachelor of Science degree from the University of Saskatchewan, he received a master's degree at the University of Iowa and a doctor of philosophy degree from Harvard University. He was an economist with the Brookings Institution, specializing in livestock, before he entered the Department of Agriculture as a career man 11 years ago.

He was assigned to the task of feeding the U.S. in war time when he was given charge of requirements in the office for agricultural war relations in 1942. The succeeding year he was named deputy director of the Food Production Administration.

The international scope of his work widened last year when he was appointed director of the Department of Agriculture's offices of Requirements and Allocations, and deputy U.S. member of the combined food board. His chief, Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson was the U.S. member, serving with Canada's agriculture Minister James G. Gardiner and Britain's Sir John Orr.

On the U.S. home front, Secretary Anderson has been given general supervision over future control of food and other farm commodities, in the draft, compromise O.P.A. bill that conferees worked out last weekend.

Stabilization director Chester Bowles has warned that six proposed amendments to the O.P.A. bill are "booby traps" that will mean inflation disaster later, but Senate and House conferees seeking a compromise have ignored the warning. The changes would curtail the price administrator's powers with new profit formulas, and new yardsticks to determine when controls should be lifted.

Mr. Truman wants a strong O.P.A. but there is speculation whether he will sign or veto that compromise bill that is expected.

Whatever the situation at home, it will still be Dr. Fitzgerald's job to try to find food for the rest of the world. There's a feeling that he can do it if anyone can.

ROLEX OYSTER
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A. Leslie Ham
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Metropolitan Building
Toronto

C.B.C. Sports Class Is the World's Largest

By RUTH HONDERICH

After two years of operation the Canadian broadcast "Sports College" has 125,000 enrolled members and is estimated to have a million listeners. It has done much to lead young Canadians into good health habits and away from the perils of juvenile delinquency.

Jointly sponsored by the Y.M.C.A. and the C.B.C., this broadcast by Lloyd Percival has become one of the big radio institutions of North America. Can it be abandoned for lack of sponsors?

DESIGNED to build stronger youth, the largest class in the world comes to order each Saturday afternoon at 12.15. Then fast and hard for fifteen minutes over a coast-to-coast network, Lloyd Percival, head coach of Sports College and leading Canadian sports expert, tells a million listeners how to keep fit, what to eat and how to excel at sports.

Far from an age-old institution, Sports College has yet to celebrate its second anniversary. Thought up by Percival and jointly sponsored by the Y.M.C.A.'s of Canada and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, its first youth-aimed broadcast went on the air in July, 1944. Since then more than 125,000 members have enrolled. Most of them are young Canadians in their 'teens, although there is a large representation from both Newfoundland and the United States. Anyone can join and membership is free.

On the sound basis that proper diet and living habits build good health and good health along with scientific coaching builds top athletes, Percival has sold his young listeners a bill of goods that brings them back for more. Each quarter-hour session is crammed with lively, clear-cut instruction on how to play better football, hockey or whatever the sport of the season. Instruction is given in muscle building and diet. Leaders are given hints on coaching.

Another drawing card on the Sports College broadcast, rated by the C.B.C. as one of its top youth programs, is the appearance, from time to time, of some of the big names. Hockey heroes Syl Apps and Sweeney Schreiner have appeared. So have Jack Dempsey and John Gottselig, coach of the Chicago Black Hawks. Gottselig's talk on stick handling, as far as his young listeners were concerned, was worth as much as nylons to their older sisters. General Dwight Eisenhower, invited to appear during his Toronto visit, sent a message instead. Good team work had won the war, the General told them, now through team work they could help win the peace.

"Play Better" Booklets

Hundreds of thousands of "play better" booklets have been sent to Sports College members. They have formed the basis of sports study groups, especially in the rural schools. "I don't know a thing about sports", many middle-aged teachers write, "but could I be a member and get your literature for my pupils?" Members in one country district wrote asking what to do about football. They wanted to play but had only enough for one team. Percival sent special instructions for teams of six, instead of the usual 12.

Having discovered for the first time in their young lives someone who will answer their personal sports problems and send them as many as 40 free instruction booklets and bulletins, is it any wonder that youths by the thousands almost bury Percival under as many as 12,000 letters a week? Or that he need only drop the word and fudge and cigarettes get the go-by for milk and stewed prunes? Sixty-five per cent of the mail comes from rural areas—country communities, towns and villages.

You may rightly ask how effective is all this and what have been the results. Here is one answer. It comes from ten-year-old Donald Prodanchuk of Canora, Sask. Donald writes: "You asked me to tell you how our hockey team was getting along. When I had gotten the book on 'How to play Better Hockey', we started to learn some new tricks. We won 4 times and they were shutouts. I especially have improved my position. I would like to congratulate you and your association for which you should be proud of and I'm sure that many other members will say the same."

Of the same hockey booklet, Lester Patrick, vice-president of New York's Madison Square Garden, writes this: "I rate your booklet the best I have ever seen and I offer my congratulations for such a splendid contribution to the sports world."

Anxious to see at first hand how his sports tips work out in practice, Percival has formed a testing group of nine Toronto youths between 13 and 22 years of age. Bob Walker, one of this group, recently established a new record in interscholastic circles for the half mile, finishing in one minute, 57 and four-tenth seconds. Percival hopes to use this group to establish Sports College standards and then work to improve on them.

The head coach soon learned that his offer to help solve personal sports problems was getting him beyond a strictly-sports depth. Would he tell them about football, 'teen-age girls asked, so they could discuss the game more intelligently with their boyfriends. "Do you think I'd lose my figure if I went in for outdoor games?" asked one. The answer: "No, not if you are careful to develop all your muscles. Look at the ballet dancers."

Personal Problems

Mothers, impressed with their children's new industry and appetite for healthy foods as the result of listening to Sports College, write for help in reducing waistlines and correcting flat feet. Suggestions are sent. A Detroit lad sent in a long report of his illness with diabetes, asking if he could some day become an athlete. His doctor did not seem to think so. Percival studied the case and then in cooperation with the boy's doctor worked out a special program. A returned airman who had lost an arm in action asked the head coach what sport he could take up. Percival suggested tennis and sent him instructions for learning to swim.

It is the hope of 34-year-old Percival that Sports College will one day became all-inclusive. He hopes to draw to its ranks those in their 40's and 50's "who nearly kill themselves playing 36 holes of golf." Through proper exercise, a tremendous amount can be done, he says, to keep down waistlines and do away with that strained feeling one gets by running for street-cars. "Everybody says relax, but no one says how", declares this energetic coach who before the war represented Canada at international sports meets. "People who work at relaxation can live in a seventh heaven."

Also earmarked for the future are instruction films and records to be passed from one group to another and be available to schools and playgrounds in both rural and urban areas. What better way, we suggest, to have the last word with the referee than to take him aside and prove the point by record!

Born of an idea in a remark made to Percival by Knute Rockne, famous coach of Notre Dame, concerning the possibilities of a national sports movement, Sports College is now big business. Its early days are full of interest. Approached by Percival, Ottawa and Queen's Park thought the project interesting, even practical, then put it aside. Rather than have it sponsored commercially, Percival decided to launch it himself. Broadcast over a Hamilton station, it was a quick success. William R. Cook, program consultant of the National Council Y.M.C.A., became very much interested. Then through his efforts, J. Ardagh Scythes of the Y's executive committee and a group of interested friends subscribed $12,000 to launch the project on a national basis. The C.B.C. and its affiliated stations offered free network time and the program went nation-wide. Mr. Cook is now executive director.

Correspondence with 125,000 members, the cost of booklets, research and administration adds up to money, more and more money as the giant grows. In its first year of operation, Sports College cost the Y.M.C.A.'s special voluntary contributors $20,000. This year expenses have climbed to $30,000. The contribution made by the C.B.C. has also been substantial, for not only has free network time been provided but the use of its facilities and trained staff as well. Reid Forsee, C.B.C. producer, has been with the program from its very beginning and to him Percival gives credit for the fine direction of the weekly broacasts.

With rising costs hard on the heels of this rapidly growing youth movement, new sponsors must continually be found. The wisdom of carrying a project of its present size on such a precarious basis is sometimes debated, especially when a number of commercial sponsors would be more than glad to take it on.

Percival himself turned down a commercial offer of $25,000 yearly, to have his program remain without a direct selling tie-in. The feeling of trust and good-will now existing between himself and his Sports College members would be somewhat destroyed, he feels, if his broadcast had a direct merchandising flavor. Nevertheless, he does believe that it could be sponsored commercially and at the same time retain its value if it were promoted as a public service project. As might be expected, feelers have come from United States to have the program originate there.

Adequate Budget

We are inclined to feel that the present system is ideal, provided a yearly budget can be raised that is adequate to pay operating expenses and allow, as well, for continued expansion. You cannot fool young Sports College members. They would know at once that any commercial sponsor was entitled to a return on his money. Let us suppose he sold prunes. Suppose Percival told them to eat prunes to play better ball. And if they did not happen to like prunes, chances are fairly good that coach Percival's now magic words would lose much of their punch. As it stands, Sports College is today probably the most potent and popular health and sports skill-building medium for youth on this continent.

And what better medium could be found with which to strike a deadly blow at juvenile delinquency than through this weekly program with a young listening audience estimated at one-twelfth of our entire population. In many areas it has done this very thing already.

Let Percival explain how: "When a boy does well at any sport, he is usually asked to join his school team. That boosts his morale and sends up his stock with his pals. We challenge him to improve his skill in all sports. He soon becomes so much interested he has no time for trouble gangs. His mind is healthier and so is his body."

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MALIGNANT MOUNTAIN

WHEN, in February, 1943, a Mexican farmer noticed a wisp of smoke coming from a small mound in his field, he heaped a few spadefuls of sand upon it and tried to pat it down with his hand. He was trying to pat down the rising volcano El Paricutin. A few months later, El Paricutin, probably the youngest volcano in the world, had built up a cone 1500 feet high, buried two villages under lava and ashes, and devastated a fertile valley.

—Erncot Behrendt in the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Science Now Likens Sun Spots to Volcanic Eruptions on Earth

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

New York.

SUN SPOTS created disturbances on radio circuits, gave some observers a glance at the aurora borealis, or northern lights, and a few days later a new star flared in the constellation, Corona Borealis. These two situations are related, not because the word borealis appears in both (it merely describes their northern location) but because the flare-up of a star and sun spots probably have the same cause—the unstable internal conditions within a star, the sun being a typical star.

Stars, to the naked eye, appear to be the most unchanging objects in the cosmos, always shining with the same steady light and from the same position.

Astronomers, however, know that they are not as constant as they seem, either as concerns position or steady light. Their movements are infinitesimally small from day to day, but this is because of their tremendous distances. They actually are moving at extremely high velocities through space. Their light is changing also. It varies from unmeasurably small variations to tremendously vast changes, so vast that the star literally explodes.

Our sun is a variable star. The variation in its radiation is very small, and it is associated with sun spots. They appear in periodic outbursts with maximum activity about every eleven years. The principle period may occur every thirty-three years with secondary cycles having maximum peaks 4.75, 8.5 and 11.25 years apart.

Sun spots have been considered storms in the atmosphere of the sun having very slight relationship to the body of the sun, just as storms in our atmosphere have very little casual relationship with the body of the earth. Recent developments, however, have indicated that sun spots are not storms on the sun, but are more comparable to volcanic eruptions on the earth.

Sun Spot Misconceptions

The fact that sun spots are dark led to the original misconceptions concerning their nature. Because they were dark it was assumed that they were cooler than the surrounding regions of the sun. Even non-scientific persons now are well aware that there are two kinds of black radiation, one to be found at either end of the visible spectrum. At the lower end are the infra red, or low energy rays, and at the upper end the ultra violet, or high energy rays. Both are black or invisible.

This trend in scientific thinking indicates the need for a new conception of sun spots that will relate them to conditions deep in the sun. The sun spots appear to be like geysers or gusher oil wells. The solar outbursts last from about two weeks to several months. It takes two weeks for one to be carried across the face of the sun as it rotates, and a few remain for two or more rotations of the sun.

Sir James Jeans, the English astronomer, was led to conclude from his study of the sun that at its centre there was matter heavier than uranium, the heaviest known matter, and that the temperature there was about 55,000,000 degrees. Radiation of this temperature would strip atoms of practically all of their electrons, and its outward pressure would seek to explode the sun and would do so if it were not balanced by inward-pressing forces. The sun throughout acts as if it were composed of weights balanced on springs, and slight changes in forces could set the mass pulsating.

Atomic-energy reactions are taking place in all of the stars and the sun. The process described by Professor Hans Bethe, of Cornell, takes place at about 30,000,000 degrees, which probably exists somewhere in the sun, and produces just the right amount of energy to keep the sun radiating at its present rate. Other processes take place at higher temperatures and produce too much energy.

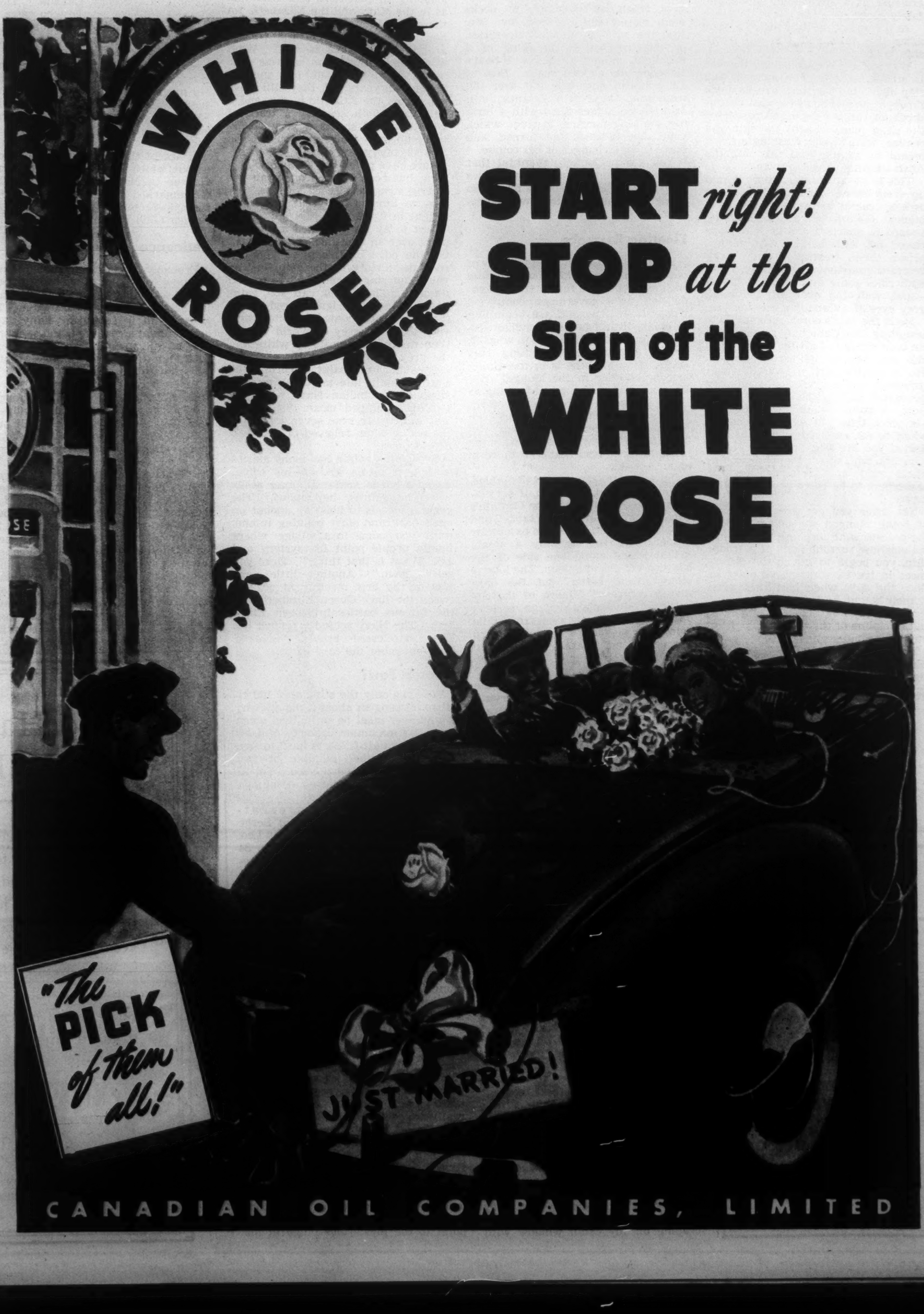
The sun, or a star, can cool off by expanding. If a high energy process should start to overheat the sun, it would expand. Once started it would go beyond requirements and cool itself off, thereby reducing the internal high temperature at which the process started. The process would remain quiescent and the sun would contract. A pulsating process would thus be started. Where conditions never get far out of balance, as is the case with the sun the pulsations may take the form of minor manifestations such as sun spots.

It would be possible for the sun to get rid of its excess heat by transporting it from the centre where the high energy process would take place, to the surface, where the high temperature material would be discharged. The high temperature material could be heavy atoms smashed until they were reduced to hydrogen atoms and these stripped of their electrons so that nothing would remain but the extremely dense and tremendously heavy nuclei.

Hydrogen nuclei are so small that tens of thousands of them could occupy the space of a single normal atom. A cloud of them would have a mass of many tons a cubic inch. Such a cloud formed in the centre of the sun by an atomic energy process would be so massive compared to the remainder of the material of the sun that it would be forced to migrate outward by centrifugal action due to the sun's rotation.

As it moved outward it would carry away the energy and heat from the centre of the sun, thus producing a cooling. The cooling would be only temporary, and in time the central regions would get hot again and the energy process start anew. In the case of the sun this interval seems to be about eleven years.

Under such conditions a new cloud of degenerate hydrogen atoms would start toward the surface. A great number of them probably would be migrating, spaced at regular intervals from centre to surface. Approaching the cooler surface the stripped nuclei would be likely to acquire electrons and greatly expand to the status of normal atoms. The ensuing great pressure would cause them to burst through the surface like a tremendous geyser, completing the last stage of the cooling process.



THE WORLD TODAY

Transatlantic Travel Is Still Very Crude but Future Promising

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

Southampton.

IF you've begun to think of travelling to Europe again, of lazy days on deck with attentive stewards offering beef broth or tea, of dressing for dinner and a jealous place at the Captain's table, and the langorous midnight hour, looking over moonlit waters, better take it easy. But don't put it entirely out of mind, for those cruising days are coming again and fairly soon.

As of today, a little over a year after the war's end, it's still troopship travel.

War's end? Well, officially the war is still going on. The moment you step out of the bus that careens down through the middle of the vast freight sheds on Halifax dock and pass over the gang plank aboard the ship you realize what that Washington wit meant by saying that this was the "dish-washing phase" of war.

This is it: uniforms, notices posted up everywhere, loudspeakers barking orders, cabins jammed with steel bunks, German prisoners filing aboard to quarters and deck sections closed off with barbed wire to imprison them, weathered and stocky veterans-guardsmen marching about with rifles slung over their shoulders —and, watching over all, the stern grey eyes of a Canadian colonel.

He is the ship's commandant. Representing the Canadian government, he is in charge of all that goes on in the ship beyond its bare operation. He is master not only of German prisoners and miscellaneous military personnel making the crossing but of *you*. A voice in the microphone in his office tells you when to get up, when to eat and when to go to bed. And if you are late for dinner, loudspeakers will shout the fact to the whole ship and admonish certain passengers to be more prompt in the future.

Yet, after you get over the shock of being plunged so suddenly from the peacetime atmosphere ashore into the wartime surroundings of a troopship, you begin to notice the differences in travel, which have crept in since the days when hostilities were at their height, and troops were being ferried over to battle. The tenseness and discipline of those days has given way to a nondescript atmosphere.

The signs are still posted there, "Emergency Stations," "Keep to the Right," "No Smoking." But enforcement is no longer a matter of life or death; so often they remain unenforced. No longer are human beings jammed in, elbow to elbow, tramping up and down stairs all day long in unending procession to their two meals (five sittings each) per day. No longer is there that hemmed in feeling which the blacked-out windows and portholes gave you by day, and which was intensified in evenings, when all openings to decks were closed and guarded, for fear that the careless glow of cigarettes, or the treacherous signalling of a flashlight, might attract a U-boat's torpedo—and sudden death. Best of all, you can now look out over the waters of the North Atlantic, still cold but no longer filled with a lurking, stalking menace, to elude which your ship twisted, and turned, and made sudden changes of her course.

You are profoundly thankful that that war is over, even though treaties aren't signed and prisoners freed. So already things have improved somewhat.

Floating Barracks

But it goes further. The tenacity of old custom, and old stewards, and such awareness of future travel competition as a government-controlled troopship will permit, are beginning to create little islands of civilian travel, almost along old lines, in what is, to all appearances, a floating barracks. One of these is in the dining saloon; another in the lounge. You have no choice of a second sitting to allow you to lie in bed in the morning, or to take dinner at a luxuriously late hour in the evening. If you miss breakfast at eight, you just wait for lunch at one. And that's all there is to it.

But there are flowers on the tables, attentive service, and good, if not elaborate, meals. There is the Captain's (and Staff Captain's) table and people dress up to a certain extent for dinner. But this is only a small, bright island along one side of the boarded-off grand saloon. The lounge looks much better, but the once luxury centre of "Queen of the Atlantic" Aquitania's lounge is long out of style and now very frowsy, its paintwork neglected, its carpet worn threadbare but occasionally patched with an astonishingly bright new piece.

A couple of elderly stewards hobble about rather pathetically, carrying trays of cheap, nameless gingerale and ginger beer, for which they have long since ceased to apologize. Since the ship is strictly dry during the day, they are merely going through the motions.

Diversion

After dinner, when the race horses are brought out, they come to life for a brief spell as the lounge fills with something like the old-time excitement and bustle. After the flurry passes, the old stewards potter about for another hour or so. Then the loudspeaker comes on for the hundredth time that evening, thrusting everybody's business on everyone else, telling Private Smith to do that, Warrant Officer Jones to report there, and Civilian Passenger Brown that he's wanted somewhere else, to announce bluntly that it is now 2300 hours and that the lounge will be cleared at once. Lights are turned out—just like that, and off you are shunted to bed, feeling much like school children.

For myself I go out on to the boat deck, pacing pensively there, content with the sound of the ship cutting through the water and the wind whistling softly in the superstructure. My mind is drawn back to that Sunday morning in August, 1939, when the Aquitania's crew suddenly swarmed out with paint pots and brushes, and began to blacken-out all windows and portholes — that very same black paint which I have been scraping off my cabin window with so much relish this trip! How passengers' tongues wagged that day. The order had just been received from the Admiralty that "war can't be more than a few days away." For the remainder of the trip into New York, I walked this same boat, wondering and wondering what the future held.

It was to have been the Aquitania's last voyage when we departed, or so I was told. On her return to Britain she was to go to the scrapyard. A close call that was, for she has been valuable beyond price during the war, transporting close to half a million men.

Old Lady

She is old and she is battered. They haven't been nearly so finicky about slapping in partitions and what not as in the Mary and the Elizabeth, for there is no intention of reconditioning her for civilian travel. But what a grand old ship she is still! What work has been done on her was done in the right place—on her engines. Though 32 years old, they still drive her across the Atlantic in five and a half days, with scarcely a trace of vibration, and she is a very steady sailor up top. However, you can see how deeply years of salt water exposure have pitted her steelwork. The paint has been slapped on in an unending struggle against rust and begins to amount to great additional weight in itself.

Just today they chipped a piece of paint over an inch thick off the mast. On the edge of this piece you can read the history of the ship, just as you count rings in an old tree to find its age. There you can see paint lines of the original red lead, the first proud coats of white; then, very soon, the grey of World War I; then many more coats of white and the grey of World War II.

Speaking of paint records, the Staff Captain told me of an ancient sloop of the Indian Navy which he had had chipped clean during the war and which rose seven inches in the water when relieved of her load of old paint.

The Staff Captain has many stories to tell at meals and in his cabin. Asked what a seafaring man seeks when he retires, he replied, "The general idea is to hoist an anchor on one's back and start walking inland, until you come to a village where finally people point in mystery and ask, 'What is that thing?' Here you settle down." Another little yarn was of the first meeting at sea between the liner Queen Elizabeth and the famous battleship Queen Elizabeth. The Navy scored a perfect hit. They wirelessed briefly, "SNAP!" You remember the card game.

Chosen Few?

We have only the stipulated 100 civilian passengers aboard, though why the number must be so limited, when the ship's maximum capacity of 8,000 is less than half-filled, is hard to say. Certainly, another hundred or two civilians wouldn't be noticed. Yet 25 reservations were rejected at the last minute.

Perhaps our most interesting passenger is young Count Serge Tolstoy, grandson of the famous Leo. He is a medical doctor in Paris, 34 years old, with rather a striking resemblance to Doug Fairbanks, Jr. He has been working at McGill University for several months.

Another interesting case is the Montreal textile manufacturer, Mr. Liverant, a German Jew with factories in Saxony. Foresightedly, he moved to Belgium and established a new factory there as soon as Hitler came to power. Then after Munich the same foresight sent him on to Canada, where he again established a factory. That is what is meant by the word "enterprise" I suppose. Now the tide is rolling back and he is going back to look at the Belgian plant. Enquiries as to factories in Saxony, now in the Russian occupied zone, remain unanswered. However, he never really expected to see them again.

We also have a famous atomic scientist, British Professor Cockroft, who has been in charge of our Chalk River development but who found his earlier radar work more interesting. Why he bothers to obey the loudspeaker's commands I cannot understand, when he could merely point to the mysterious bulge in his pocket or the package nearby and people would keep their distance. But he is, of course, the mildest looking man imaginable, and his five children don't look at all like Super-children of the Atomic Age.

One could go on. There are several old China hands returning from Shanghai, which they don't believe will present anything like old business opportunities under the new management. One of them, whom I fancied had left few Chinese friends behind, asserted to me bluntly that, after all, it was British engineering and British capital that had built up everything in China — everything, ports, big cities like Shanghai, Tientsin and Hongkong, railroads, everything.

There are also aboard the British personnel who carried the Mulberry exhibit all across Canada. Their figure of 165,000 people who came to see it in Winnipeg makes an astonishing proportion of the school and adult population of that city. I asked if it had been shown at all in the U.S., and they said no, because the War Ministry has no budget for advertising and there was no American sponsorship. (The Hudson's Bay Company sponsored it in Canada). This is a pity, for I don't doubt many Americans will accept the fact that it was their genius which produced the Mulberry Harbor in Normandy, much as the GI remarked on a recent voyage of the Queen Mary, "Gee, why can't the British build a ship like this?"

Reticence

Probably the British should have put up a huge sign of welcome to our American allies going aboard this fine British ship: 80,000 tons, 34 knots, built in so-and-so many days and hours at a cost of so-and-so many tens of millions. But they just don't do things that way. I suppose that's why they're British.

When it comes to peacetime travel on the Atlantic, it looks as though the British will hardly need to advertise. There just won't be much but Cunard on the North Atlantic for some time to come. The Germans are gone, the Italians are gone, and the French haven't much to begin with. The Americans have given them the Europa to compensate for the ruining of the Normandie, but the fifteen-year-old German vessel is said to be in bad shape. With her there is left only the old Ile de France and the newer Pasteur. Still it is the making of a new service, and, in due time, we can be sure that the French will produce another gorgeous new floating hotel. (The British say that they design the boat first and then fit the hotel in, while the Continentals tend to design the hotel and build the ship around it).

The Canadian Pacific have had some very bad luck during the war, losing three out of four of their popular Duchesses and the fine Empress of Britain. I did hear up at John Brown's on the Clyde a couple of years ago that there was talk of replacing the Empress but have heard no more of it since. A new line of Duchesses would seem a certainty, however.

Odds to Win

That leaves Cunard with a clear field for the time being with the two big 80,000 ton Queens, the new Mauretania and her 32,000 ton unfinished sister ship. The Elizabeth will be refitting all summer and is supposed to be ready by September in all her glory to resume real peacetime service. The Mary will doubtless follow her into the yards for complete redoing. The Mauretania, which made her maiden voyage in the summer of 1939, will need the same. With her sister ship, which may be named Victoria and which represents a really fast job of shipbuilding, laid down after the German surrender and launched this spring, she will provide the strong second team, only one day slower than the big ones.

Will there be traffic to maintain these ships? The Aquitania's officers don't doubt it for a moment. One of them said that there were 80,000 people registered for passage in New York right now, business men, people wanting to go to Britain to visit relatives and others wanting to go straight to the Continent in search of their families or to renew contact with them. And this before pleasure traffic has even begun! Will liners be able to compete with overnight air travel? I don't need to quote officers on this. From talk at our table and about the ship one can gather that there are still many, many people who love ships and the sea.

But here we have been turning up the Solent towards Southampton. There a flattop goes by. Over on the other side are the battleship Queen Elizabeth and the famous fighting Warspite, looking sad with guns removed and her days at sea done. Here comes a strange sight; surely one of those huge Mulberry caissons, being towed to Holland to help plug a dike, someone says. On the other side again, two great rusty drums which, I guess rightly, were used for "Operation Pluto" laying of the oil pipeline under the Channel. At last we tie up right alongside the huge Queen Elizabeth, in her best new dress, making real the promise of peacetime Atlantic travel.

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All places for September 1946 were taken ten months in advance. The expected vacancies for September 1947 are now being filled; applications should be made as soon as possible.

Information will be gladly sent on request to the Headmaster.

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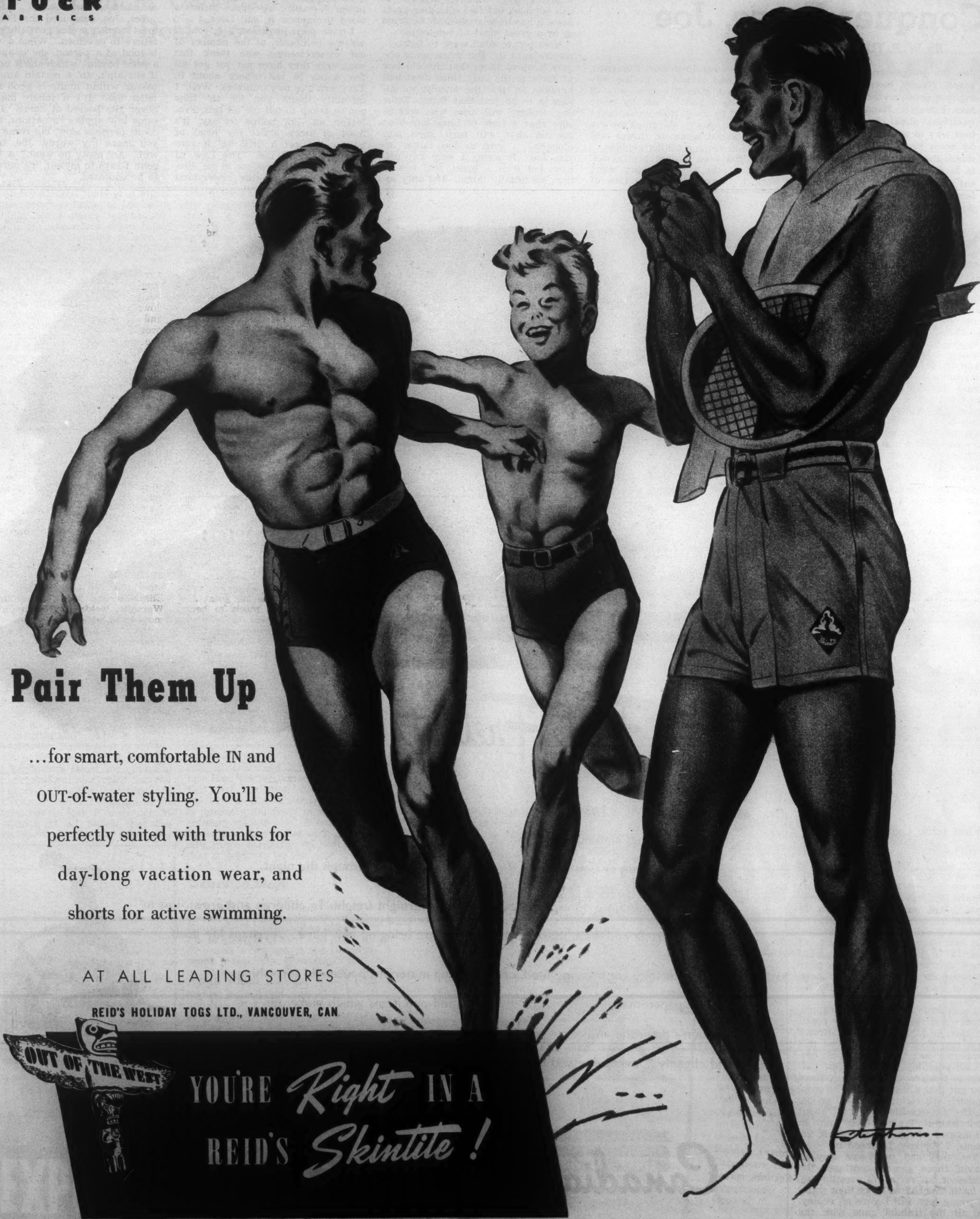
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R5A

The Law of Love Could Conquer Force, Joe

By W. P. TUTTLE

Joe, the garageman, and his girl friend, Nancy, have been delving into Greek mythology, so Joe asks Professor Flanagan a few questions about it and if the best way to overcome force isn't by more force. The Professor thinks that the only real way to to do it is by an entirely different kind of law that will abolish force by its own magnificent power—the Law of Love.

NANCY was tellin' me the other night, I says to the Professor, about a book she had been readin, that told stories of the Greeks and their fights.

Well, I says, kind'a proud that Nancy tells me things to ast the Professor about in his own line, it seems that this feller Homer pointed out that here was a feller one minute able to play the pianner, shoot straight, a good boxer an' fine husband an' provider, an' the next minute some man named Hector comes along and zip! hits the feller over the head, an' on a sudden he's worth more to the vultures, so Homer says, than he is to his wife. An' Nancy says the Greeks were about the fust to show what a waste it was just to kill men an' not respect 'em any more'n the Huns did, an' says I, drawin' a long breath at my nerve tellin' the Professor all this mush, that force could never really overcome force. Well, Professor, I says, that's what I want to hear from you, your Honor, what else can overcome fighters but fightin'?

That's sure an intelligent question, Joe, says he, an' I felt good all over. What they all mean is this. When you invent a big bomb an' a B-29 to carry it, higher, faster, accurater, someone else will come along an' produce a bigger, faster, accurater set than you've got. Then you'll have to go all out to beat the new invention. So we got the last word so far—the atom-all-bustin'-atomizer an' we're all so scared of that, we can't do a thing but squirm. For sure as fate, a new and bigger buster will be made, at which time, says he, you might as well close up this here garage, an' take Nancy to the hills an' hide in the deepest cave you can find. Gosh! Professor, is it as bad as all that? It sure is, Joe, unless . . .Unless what, tell me, Professor! I was fairly sweatin' with a fraid-cat feelin,—an' creepy too.

What Love Can Do

He looks away a little bit as if he were kind'a bashful, an' then he plunged in up to his neck. . . Unless we try an' see what Love can do! Shucks, Professor, beggin' your pardon, but what has mistletoe an' neckin' to do with bombs. The Professor put back his head an' laughed out loud, but not so as to hurt my feelin's—he goes on. . . That is a big word, Joe, an, if you've got a piece of paper an' a pencil around here, I'll let you write the follerin, fer Nancy.

I grabbed a piece of wrappin' paper and the stub of a pencil an' then he said slow. . . Ivor Brown says that English has softened this simple an' inclusive word which covers all yearning from strongest passion to tenderest affection. . . Have you got that all down? Joe, he says. Yessur! All right then, we'll go on. . . . The Greeks thought a lot about their bodies. Trained their youth in all manner of sports. . . Football, an' tennis, I suppose, I horned in.

Yes, they had their own way of playin' those games, continues the Professor, an' racin' an' wrestlin', an' so forth. They hated to see their trained young men fall before an enemy, an' all the trainin' gone with the wind. So they started to think about it, an' they had a man named (Put this down too, Joe) . . . Plato, who talked about the more spiritual laws that govern men an' women.

But it was not till Christianity came, goes on Professor Flanagan, that we had taught to us the way of life that offered a new way of overcoming force. . . not by more force, but by love. Now we've never really tried this. . . We think we are very practical when we invent new engines to overcome other engines. . . but it has been proved pretty well that this sort of practicality won't work. . . whereas when the Law of Love has been applied to our personal affairs, it works surprisingly well, an' some day we'll find a way of applying it to national affairs. It can be done, but like all other great laws, it has to be studied an' believed in by a great mass of our people.

Most people don't want to fight. . . they're agin it. But when some one puts it up to them that the old law of force is the only thing that will impress an' lick the enemy, we all join in to do just that thing. Some day, leaders will arise who will be sure that a Law of Love has been evolved that will turn guns into ploughs. . . sure as I'm talkin' to you, Joe. It seems a long way off, now, but it is a great deal nearer than we usually think. The only solution of the problem of how to beat force that destroys, maims, kills, is by another kind of law that will abolish force by its own magnificent power . . . which we—tryin' to find a word to express it, call Love. . .

I have been surprised, Joe, continues the Professor, at the number of our ex-servicemen who think this way, only they have not yet got all the words to tell others about it. They are the new thinkers. Well, I certainly thank you fer th' time you've taken to tell me all this, Professor, an' I'm bound to say, it's most of away above my head of hair, but I get a little an' it sure sounds good to me. The Law of Love. . . that's a new one to me, Professor. But I can sure understand one thing, an' that is that if Nancy should git mad at me a box of candy will go further to settle her than a box on the ear, which I'm even ashamed to mention.

Yes, Joe, concluded the Professor, most women prefer gentle and lovin' fellers to cavemen. When a woman is fond of a person, she is apt to do a little bossin', which she'll never do if she ain't, an' a certain amount of bossin' within limits is good fer the feller too. It's a lonely man who never gits bossed at home. But the same law applies to nations, an' it'll come, perhaps slow, but come it will, you mark my words, Joe, come it will. An' away he went. A perfect gent, I says to myself, it's sure great to be educated.

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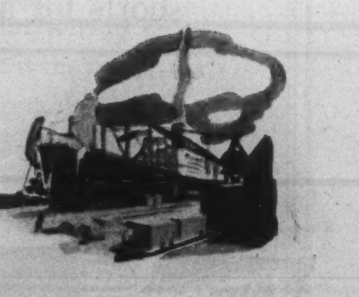

Canadian Pacific

SPANS THE WORLD

FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Mr. St. Laurent Undertakes to Prove a Great Deal Too Much

By B. K. SANDWELL

IT IS a common and entirely legitimate practice for lawyers to present arguments going a great deal further than their brief actually requires, and indeed often to present several such arguments each of which is inconsistent with the others, in the hope that if one of them does not influence the judge and jury another will. Thus in the case of the alleged theft of a pig it is quite proper to argue at the same time that there never was a pig, that the pig was never taken away from the person claiming to own it, that that person owed the pig to the alleged thief, and that the alleged thief acquired the pig by purchase and paid for it in full. The fact that these claims cannot all be true makes no difference. If any one of them is true there is no theft and the client must be acquitted.

The position taken by Mr. St. Laurent on the amendment of the Canadian constitution is very much more that of a lawyer than that of a politician or a statesman. It goes far beyond the requirements of the present case. He undertakes to prove that a majority of one in the House of Commons of Canada, supported by a majority of one in the Senate, is sufficient to change any part of the British North America Act, including those parts which embody the most sacred guarantees of the rights of the French minority. He asserts that such a majority could abolish the use of the French language in the province of Quebec. Mr. St. Laurent was expressly asked whether Parliament could abolish French as an official language, and replied that "legally" it could.

Probably Untrue

Now this contention is wholly unnecessary to the defence of the redistribution amendment which the Minister of Justice was discussing, and is probably untrue. (That putting it forward was exceedingly unwise is another matter, but not an unimportant one.) "Legally" all that the Dominion Parliament can do is to memorialize the British Parliament for an amendment to the Canadian constitution, which is an Act of the British Parliament. The British Parliament has always enacted the amendments asked for, and has never recognized any right on the part of the Canadian provinces to make representations against such an amendment. But it does not in our opinion at all follow that the British Parliament would enact any amendment, no matter what its character, that a Canadian parliament might ask for.

In the event that the Canadian Parliament should see fit to ask for an amendment abolishing French as an official language, or annexing the province of Quebec to the province of Ontario, we consider it almost certain that the British Parliament would send back the memorial with the suggestion that Canada should devise a more convincing method than a mere vote of the two Houses to demonstrate that such a proposed amendment was really the firm and considered will of the Canadian people.

Essential Distinction

The argument that the Canadian Parliament must have full power to amend the fundamental law of Canada, because the British Parliament has (as it unquestionably does have) full power to amend the fundamental law of the United Kingdom, is to overlook an essential distinction. In the United Kingdom there is no division of sovereignty and no desire for any such division. In Canada there is a division of sovereignty, and a definition of the kinds of sovereignty assigned to each of the kinds of authority; and there is a general desire that that division should be maintained, in principle at least if not necessarily in its exact present form. To give to the one sovereignty an absolute power to diminish or destroy the powers of the other sovereignty is to reduce the latter to something which is not sovereignty at all, but a mere municipal government; and it is no defence of that policy to say, as the Minister of Justice says, that there is no danger of this absolute power ever being abused. The proper course is to attach such limits to the operation of it as will make the abuse of it as near to impossible as may be.

That a nation must have full power to amend its constitution is obvious enough; without that power it is something slightly short of a nation. But a wise nation will attach certain delays and formalities to the process of amending its constitution which it does not attach to the process of amending its ordinary statute law. The St. Laurent position is that the Canadian constitution is amended by the Canadian Parliament in precisely the same manner as the ordinary statute law. We do not believe that this is the case, and we still more earnestly do not believe that it ought to be the case.

Transition Stage

Canada is in a transition stage, between the stage at which responsibility for its constitution belongs to the British Parliament and the stage at which it belongs to the Canadian people. But the Canadian people have no preparation whatever for taking it over, and we regard it as highly improbable that they would approve of a method of taking it over which confers an absolute mastery of it upon the Dominion Parliament. No nation that we are aware of, possessing the divided sovereignty system as originated by the United States, has ever tried to maintain that division of sovereignty by conferring absolute power upon the central legislature to increase its own area of sovereignty and diminish that of the local legislatures at its own free will.

All this has nothing whatever to do with the redistribution amendment measure. That measure in no way alters the division of powers between the provinces and the Dominion. It alters the representation of the provinces at Ottawa only in a manner calculated to correct a distorted representation brought about by a foolish decision of the Privy Council (or, if we assume that the Privy Council was right, by a foolish error in drafting the original document). We should prefer that even in this matter the amendment **could** have been brought about by some procedure involving more than a mere majority in the Canadian Parliament, but no provision has ever been made for such a procedure. The need for the amendment is urgent, the concern of the provinces in it is nil (unless it is proposed to argue that Ontario has a vested right to the excess representation which it has been enjoying, and that the provincial government of Ontario is the proper authority to defend that vested right), the amendment is not opposed in substance (though the method of making it is opposed) by the majority of the members from Ontario, and we see no possibility of any petitioner opposed to the amendment being accorded the right to appear against it at Westminster.

All the same, it is high time that we Canadians took the British Parliament out of its embarrassment, by adopting a method of procedure, for showing that we desire an amendment to our constitution, which will be a little more conclusive than a vote in two Houses of Parliament.

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Conciliation Before Control at Ottawa

By MURRAY COTTERILL

Analyzing recent government actions, Toronto Labor Council Secretary Murray Cotterill states that a clear change in government wage control policy has become evident within recent weeks.

He credits the change to a shift in influence, with government conciliators becoming more dominant in setting policy than those who insist upon control at all costs. If this change in policy results in continuous and expanding production, Mr. Cotterill believes it will be an even better safeguard against inflation than a policy of rigid wage control which, because of its lengthy procedure and inflexibility, results in strikes and stoppages.

THE most important Canadian labor news of recent weeks has not been found under the strike headlines. It was contained in tiny announcements notifying the public that Mr. Justice Archibald had resigned as Chairman of the National War Labor Board and that, a few days later, Judge J. C. A. Cameron and A. L. Murchison had been named as alternate chairmen of that agency. A few days later still came the announcement that the wage control order itself was due for further relaxation.

The changes symbolize a trend which has been becoming more and more apparent for some weeks past. Confronted with the steady development of a wide spread labor-management crisis over wages and hours, Ottawa's conciliators seem to be replacing Ottawa's controllers as dominant policy makers.

The trend first showed up during recent negotiations at Sudbury between the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union and International Nickel. There, a Board of Conciliation composed of Mr. Justice Roach, E. B. Jolliffe, K.C. and L. A. Landriau, K.C. began conciliating wage arguments as well as disagreements over labor relations. The trend became even more apparent when, just prior to the B. C. lumber walkout, Justice Sloan was named Commissioner with authority to discuss wages as well as such issues as union security. Just a few days before the announced deadline for an industry-wide walkout, Judge Cameron, the new alternate National War Labor Board chairman, was named Commissioner with similar powers to conciliate differences between Ontario and Quebec rubber workers and their employers. Later still, even before a deadline had been announced for a shutdown, Mr. Justice Roach was recalled to service as Commissioner in the gravest of all threatening disputes, that between the big three iron and steel producers and the powerful United Steelworkers under C. H. Millard.

All these developments have been duly announced in the press but no explanation has been given of their significance.

Separate Compartments

To appreciate the significance it should be realized that, from the time early in the war when wages were placed under the control of War Labor Boards, wages and labor relations have been consistently sorted into separate compartments by The Department of Labor. If a dispute threatened over union security, seniority or grievance procedure, Labor Minister Mitchell could set up a Board of Conciliation or, with the consent of both parties, send in an arbitrator. But wage issues went before the War Labor Boards. In fact, even joint applications by an employer and a union were forbidden. Both had to present their arguments separately and the Boards made the final and binding decision.

When the war ended it was announced that wage control would continue along with price control. A few months later the pressure of both employers and labor became felt on both fronts and Ottawa announced that a policy of decontrol would commence. The impression was left that, not only prices, but also wages would be affected by this new policy.

Price controls were completely removed on many items, relaxed on others. But the relaxation of wage control merely provided for direct negotiations between employers and unions over such relatively unimportant items as shift bonuses, vacations with pay and holidays. Wages were still controlled by the War Labor Boards, although it was now possible for employers and unions to make joint applications if they could agree on a wage-hour formula. Directions to the War Labor Boards for the controlling of wages were amended to permit payment of "reasonable" increases, but that word was as capable of as many interpretations as the previous "gross inequality" prerequisite devised after the big steel strike of 1942. The long and cumbersome routine of Regional Board hearings, appeals and National Board hearings continued intact.

By-pass Labor Boards

Labor's reaction was instantaneous. Important unions from coast to coast flatly announced that they would negotiate wages directly with employers and that they would "by-pass" the War Labor Boards, leaving it up to the managements to get approval. They were roundly scored by the Labor Minister for this attitude, cajoled to use the Board procedure for the sake of the fight against inflation. But, needled by rising costs and the spectacle of American unions winning sizeable wage increases south of the border, the laborites repeated their warnings. Labor resistance finally crystallized in the formation by the Canadian Congress of Labor of a Wage Coordinating Committee, the openly admitted objective of which was the securing of wage and hour changes far in excess of anything the War Labor Boards were then approving.

The National War Labor Board and its subsidiary Regional Boards are under the Department of Labor. But, as the labor press has openly charged, many persons were of the opinion that Mr. Ilsley's thinking has been the dominant influence in shaping Board policy. It will be recalled that it was Mr. Ilsley who leaped to the defense of ex-Chairman Justice Archibald when that fellow Nova Scotian's expense allowances were being questioned recently by opposition M.P.'s. At any rate the National War Labor Board seemed quite determined to hold down wages no matter how dangerous such firm control might prove in inflammatory employer-employee disputes.

Also under the Labor Department are the conciliators. It is their unenviable job to see to it that strikes are averted if at all possible or, should they break out, that they are ended quickly. With labor flatly insisting upon negotiating wages and hours as well as labor relations and with management unable to justify wage control while concurrently demanding abolition of price control, it would seem only natural that, sooner or later, the interests of the two Labor Department agencies would be bound to collide.

An example of such collision was the recent decision by the National War Labor Board to refuse a 5c increase for Sydney steel mill workers. Following the steel strike of 1942 the steel workers were assured that government had no intention of interpreting wage control in such a way that substandard wages would be perpetuated. It was made clear that, if they went back to work, they would get their 55c plus cost of living bonus minimum. Upon their return, the War Labor Board procedure was altered and the Board personnel completely changed. By early 1946, the steel workers were still going through the formality of presenting their case. The 55c plus bonus minimum was in effect in both Ontario iron and steel mills and maintenance workers in both Ontario and Nova Scotia were equalized. By that time they were preparing for postwar wages and a strike vote was showing enormous majorities in favor of strike action.

Despite this dangerous situation, and despite the assurances given at the time of strike settlement, the National War Labor Board refused to grant the 5c differential for laborers and production workers when it finally wound its way out of the Regional Board and up to Ottawa. It can be readily imagined that those government conciliators who were trying desperately to avoid a new strike in this important industry added a few grey hairs when they heard what their associates on the Board had done. For no action could have been better designed to set off a spontaneous walkout. Significantly, the labor representative on the War Labor Board did not support the majority decision, leaving the blame for the refusal squarely upon the government chairman and the employer representative.

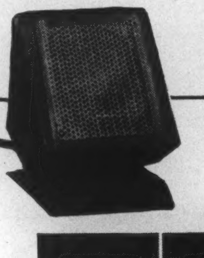
Just the exact moment when the balance swung over from control to conciliation may never be known. When a strike threatened last fall in the packing plants Commissioner Justice Richards conciliated wages and hours as well as labor relations and the Boards ratified the decisions reached under his guidance. The plants were, however, under a government controller at that time and it could be argued that the wages of temporary government employees did not really have to be approved by another government agency. But, as far as employees of private concerns were affected, there was no further break until, some time within the last few weeks, the Board of Conciliation set up to offset a strike in Inco's key Sudbury nickel mines and smelters began hearing arguments from management and labor about a proposed new schedule of wages as well as those items such as shift bonuses and holiday pay which could be properly negotiated under the amended wage policy.

More Evidences of Change

Ever since that Sudbury break evidences of changed policy keep piling up. The Sloan Commission in B.C., the Cameron Commission for Rubber, the Roach Commission for Steel—all three deal with wages. Wage control, it would appear, still officially exists but under new management. It is obvious that if disputes are threatening to degenerate to the strike stage and that wages are an important issue, the government is no longer insisting that conciliators treat the wage subject as taboo and refer the issue to the red-tape filled labyrinths of War Labor Board procedure. It would indeed be a coincidence if Justice Archibald's resignation and the appointment of two new co-chairmen have nothing to do with this obviously changed policy.

Just how far the government is prepared to go, either in formalizing this changed procedure or in the amount of wage increases it will permit to be negotiated, is not yet clear. It must be assumed that, since the Boards still exist, decisions on wages arrived at by conciliation or negotiation will go before those Boards for official approval. But this will be a formality rather than a serious second check.

Some may see in this new policy a serious retreat on the anti-inflation front. Laborites don't agree. They claim that employer resistance can be depended upon to keep wages as low as possible. They also point out that continued and expanding production may be an even more potent barrier against inflation than all the controls imaginable. Despite wage control, the cost of living has risen steadily and labor disputes over wages are steadily degenerating to the strike stage largely because employers feel reluctant about making the kind of counter offer which might render a future application for price relief more difficult. Possibly it is just as well that the conciliators are now becoming more dominant than the controllers. It can only be hoped that the new policy has not developed too late.



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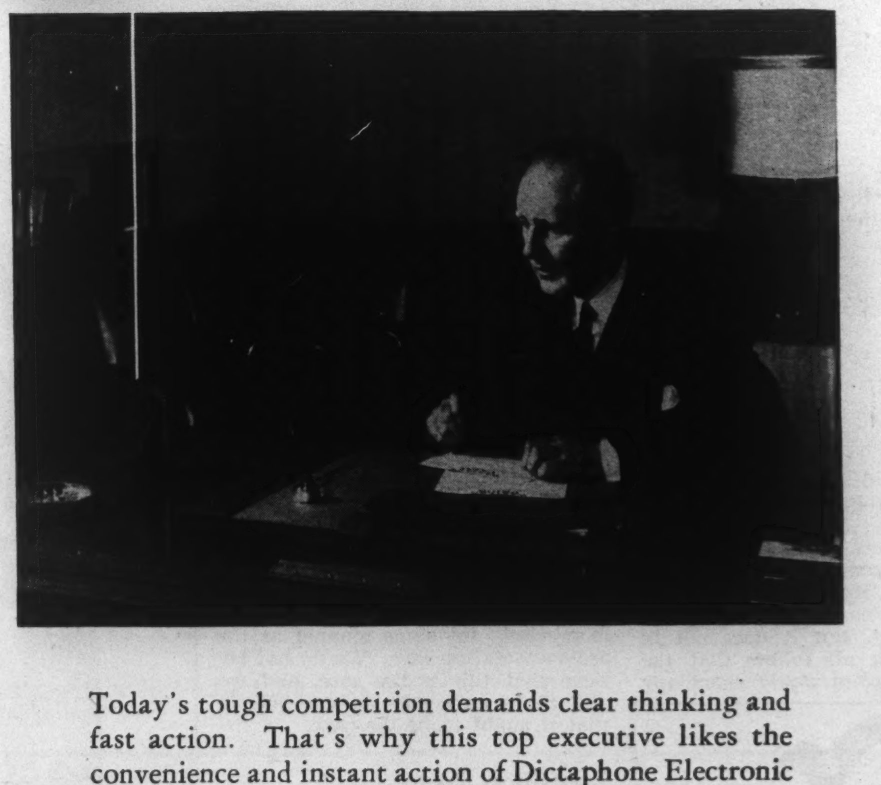

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Canada Remiss in Duty To These Indians

By DAVID BRIGHT

Canada's step-children are her impoverished Indians, more especially those living in the isolated area extending from Cochrane, Ontario, to the shores of Hudson Straits. Unlike the Indians farther south, they are completely out of touch with modern ways of living, and since they must depend on hunting, fishing and trapping for livelihood, their food supply is inadequate and health and energies are at a low ebb.

While the Indian Affairs Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources has general oversight of Indians in this district, both staff, facilities and equipment are wholly inadequate. Magistrate E. R. Tucker (for 26 years judicial officer for this area) suggests that more money be spent immediately upon expanded medical and health services and in training and encouraging these Indians to better their living conditions.

FROM Cochrane, Ontario, to the shores of Hudson Straits is a vast, little known region of thick timber, countless lakes, and poverty-stricken Indians. The railway line runs as far as Moosonee, across the Moose River from Moose Factory on the west shore of James Bay. From there all travel is by water or on foot. The Indians who inhabit this country are descendants of the first citizens of Canada, and when the white man conquered these ancestors he promised to care for them and their descendants.

The Canadian Indians are divided roughly into two groups — those who live in the southern sections and have therefore reaped the benefits of modern ways of living, and those who live in the northern sections and have to hunt and fish and trap to gain a livelihood. The southern Indians have shown that, treated well and given a chance to better themselves, they make excellent citizens. The northern Indians, however, far out of touch with civilization, have had a struggle even to survive, let alone thrive. Their main worry is the food supply (they get half the number of calories set as a minimum for Canadians), and doctors believe that this is the main reason for the Indians' lethargy and generally poor condition. They point out that the southern Indians are an asset to the country, and that those Eskimos, kin to the Indians, who are able to kill an abundant supply of food for themselves without having to depend on white men's food, are healthier than most whites. It is mainly the ones who have come into casual contact with whites, such as the Indians around James Bay, and subsequently have been weaned from their ancestral ways without anything being done to replace them, that present a problem to the Government.

Alarming Statistics

Unfortunately, Canada has not taken as good care of these particular Indians as it should, and this, coupled with their lack of a vote and subsequent inability to look out for themselves, and their tendency towards sickness and lethargy, has resulted in a state of affairs both shocking and alarming. Authoritative figures show that among these Indians 400 in every 1000 babies die at birth compared with 52 among whites; 732 in every 1000 Indians die of tuberculosis against 51 among whites. To handle this situation the Indian Affairs Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources generously appointed *one man* to combine, among other offices, the office of doctor for the whole area (from Cochrane northward, including the James Bay region and the west side of northern Quebec right up to the furthermost end of Hudson's Bay), Indian Agent and Business Administrator for that area, and Coroner for the James Bay region. At James Bay he is assisted by two small, inadequately-equipped mission hospitals maintained by nuns and nurses of Roman Catholic and Anglican religious orders. He is not qualified to perform operations.

Nun Performed Operations

These facts were contained in a statement by Magistrate E. R. Tucker, who, for twenty-six years the judicial officer for the area north of Cochrane, has travelled extensively through the James Bay and Hudson's Bay districts and has an intimate knowledge of conditions there. He said that often the two hospitals were visited by the doctor only once or twice a year; one nun alone has, in recent years, performed twenty-five emergency operations, some of them major amputations and operations for peritonitis, in the absence of a surgeon. Many Indians die simply because they cannot get a doctor; to be operated upon they have to come out to Cochrane or Timmins. Needless to say, some of them are beyond medical aid before they ever reach the operating table. They cannot even help themselves because the white man has discouraged the Indian methods of healing; these methods, while often more harmful than otherwise, nevertheless have certain good qualities, one of them being an abundance of faith, which modern scientists claim is a main factor in healing.

In order to give a complete picture of the situation, here are some facts about the administration of Indian affairs in Canada by Indian agencies, of which there are ninety-eight scattered throughout Canada. Each agency is supposed to be staffed, in addition to the agent, by a medical officer, clerk, farming instructor, field matron, constable, stockman, and so forth. The agencies are supervised from the Ottawa headquarters by Field Inspectors. At the large reservation on Manitoulin Island an Indian doctor visits once a week and is always available to Indians requiring treatment. The reservations at Brantford and other places are similarly cared for. In the Northwest Territories there are about nine missions to care for the Indians and Eskimos, and air services can bring out the isolated cases.

Expenditures for the assistance of destitute Indians on reserves are made by the Dominion Government, either from public funds or from tribal funds of the Indians. The Indian Trust Fund amounts to approximately $17,000,000. Although they were under no obligation to do so, Indians from various parts of Canada had, up to March 31, 1942, contributed $11,583 to the war effort, and 1,430 Indians had enlisted in the Canadian Army. The latest census shows that the Indian population is increasing, at present standing at about 126,000, of which half are "bush Indians," making a living by hunting and trapping in the north.

It is obvious, though, that the Indians around James Bay are not among those on the increase. They are in a strange position; they are not far enough north to warrant specially heroic efforts for their welfare, and yet for practical purposes they are almost as isolated as their Eskimo kin who are served by the mission at Aklavik, 500 miles further north than the north end of Hudson's Bay, on the mouth of the MacKenzie River. To use a misquotation, they are "so far and yet too near." If the further fields of the Arctic regions look "greener" than the nearer fields of James Bay, it is because the grass in the nearer fields has not been tended properly. To expect one man and a handful of nuns and nurses to properly look after the medical needs of all those between Cochrane and Hudson Straits, a distance of almost 1,000 miles, is expecting too much of anyone, even if they had the best of equipment.

In the light of his experience, Magistrate Tucker made several suggestions for improving conditions: "If more money were spent on prevention in the form of encouragement to better living conditions, proper nourishment and medical attention in disease, less would be required for hospital treatment later on." He also said that "improvements in the care of these people can only be brought about by the separation of the medical from the business administration and the employment of a full-time physician who is a competent surgeon to devote his whole time to the medical care of the Indians."

"It is a strange anomaly," said Magistrate Tucker, "that while we are spending millions of dollars on sanitaria for the treatment of tuberculosis, we are maintaining on the shores of James Bay a factory producing annually an alarming output of this dread disease. . . . The Federal Department of National Health has assumed responsibility for the medical care of the Indians and has promised to build a large hospital at Moose Factory. . . . The completion of these plans is somewhere in the dim, distant future, which appears to be a characteristic of all plans for the care of the Indians. But in the meantime Nero continues to fiddle while Rome burns."

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WHEN the cold winds come that little shirt will be no comfort... and it's all she has. There are millions like her in the war-torn countries of the world. That's why your help is so important now. This week, dig into your attics, trunks and closets . . . dig out all the serviceable clothing you can possibly spare . . . bundle it up for the National Clothing Collection. Help this child and millions like her to survive the coming winter.

TAKE YOUR BUNDLE OF SPARE CLOTHING TODAY TO THE NEAREST COLLECTION DEPOT OR POST OFFICE.

What can you spare that they can wear?

NC-76

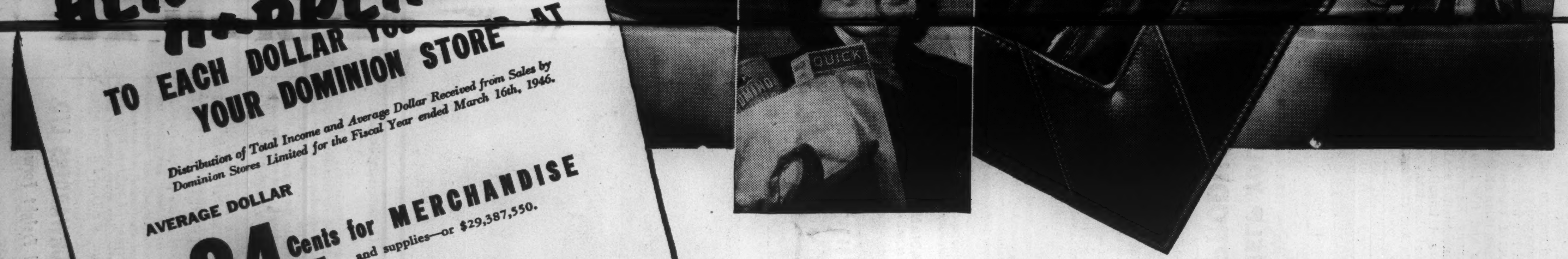
NATIONAL CLOTHING COLLECTION
JUNE 17 *to* 29 . . . *Sponsored by* CANADIAN ALLIED RELIEF

DOMINION STORES LIMITED

REPORT SALES of $34,829,346

FOR FISCAL YEAR ENDED MARCH 16, 1946

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS
DOLLAR
STORE AT
QUICK



TO EACH DOLLAR AT
YOUR DOMINION STORE

Distribution of Total Income and Average Dollar Received from Sales by Dominion Stores Limited for the Fiscal Year ended March 16th, 1946.

AVERAGE DOLLAR

.84 37 Cents for **MERCHANDISE** and supplies—or $29,387,550.

.07 36 Cents for **PAYROLLS** —or a total of $2,564,120.

.02 78 Cents for **RENTS etc.** Occupational costs total $968,013 (including rents, insurance, taxes, licenses, light, heat, depreciation, etc.).

.02 55 Cents for **TAXES** —or a total of $885,000 for income and excess profits taxes after deducting $146,000 refundable.

.01 65 Cents **MISC.** —or a total of $573,859, for miscellaneous expenses, including employees' pension fund of $\frac{26}{100}$ths of a cent in each dollar.

.01 29 Cents **PROFIT** —or a total of $450,804, of which $\frac{57}{100}$ths of a cent in each dollar was paid to Shareholders and $\frac{72}{100}$ths of a cent left in the business.

TOTAL OF ABOVE **$1.00**

TOTAL SALES **$34,829,346**

THE total sales of Dominion Stores Limited have been reported for the fiscal year ending March 16th, 1946. As you see, they amount to $34,829,346. Have you ever asked yourself what becomes of this money? Let's see, for example, what became of every dollar you spent in your Dominion Store.

In the first place, 84.37 cents of your dollar went to farmers, growers, processors and manufacturers. In other words, out of the $34 million or so dollars spent at 234 Dominion Stores in the last fiscal year, no less than $29,387,550 went to those who supply Dominion Stores with the food you buy. Another 7.36 cents of your dollar—or $2,564,120 in all—was paid to the Employees who serve you. Rent, light, heat and other occupational costs took 2.78 cents out of every dollar—or $968,013. Government Taxes accounted for another 2.55 cents—or $885,000 after deducting $146,000 refundable. That leaves 2.94 cents of your dollar for Employees Pension Fund—for the development and expansion of your Dominion Store—for shareholders—and for miscellaneous expenses.

The 26th Annual Report of Dominion Stores Limited, just forwarded to all shareholders and employees, contains a Management Report by our President entitled "Progress Through Vision". If you are interested in more details of this Report, you are invited to examine a copy at any one of the Company's District Offices at London, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Halifax.

THE AIM of Dominion Stores Limited is to fulfil with ever-increasing efficiency its responsibility as a distributor of food; thereby performing a satisfactory service to the consumer, manufacturer and processor; to discharge its responsibility to shareholders whose investment makes the Company possible; and to provide its employees with a satisfactory living under the best possible conditions.

Your DOMINION *Store*

THE MELTING POT

Nature Is Catching Up

By J. N. HARRIS

THE generally prevailing idea that imperial pride is dead got severely knocked on the head last week when it was learned that British soldiers had stolen over $6,000,000 worth of gold and jewels in Batavia. There was no newspaper account, for instance, in Canada, that failed to point out the superiority of this crime over the relatively petty theft of the Hesse Crown Jewels by an American Colonel and his wife.

This is a further example of the unfair way in which nature keeps outstripping the best efforts of Oppenheim, Perry Mason and Old Uncle Sam Goldwyn and all.

Just think of the incredible events of the last few years in terms of pocket thrillers and film scenarios...

"I got an idea, boss. This one's spectacular; it's colossal; it's mediocre. A bigshot Nazi, see, he steals a ship from the airfield. He flies over to the British and gives himself up ..."

"Gindelbaum, why I'm paying you three thousand a week for thinking up such silly ideas I don't know yet."

Or perhaps a novelist might try to write a novel about a multi-millionaire who owns an island in the Caribbean. The multi-millionaire is murdered. His son-in-law, a French Count, is tried for the murder and cleared. The novel is reviewed in the *Times Book Review,* thus:

"Mr. Gimlet overlooks the ordinary course of probability and overrates the reader's credulity. Multi-millionaires are not in the habit of being murdered. Murders are things that happen to little grocers and advertising salesmen, to housewives and truckdrivers. The introduction of a European nobleman in an attempt to instil glamor into an otherwise bald and unconvincing tale is a gratuitous insult to the reader's intelligence".

Think of the screen writers who sweated over wartime spy stories.

"Now, these Axis agents", says one, "they meet in Butte, Montana. One of them is from Rome, Italy. Another comes from Berlin, Germany. And the third one, he's just got in from Moscow, Russia".

"Naw", says another, "they're on our side. You mean from Tokyo, Japan. He come by submarine".

"O.K., O.K. So there they are, plotting to get hold of our biggest top secret. And what is it? It's a bomb, see, that destroys a whole town, just a little bomb, and you drop it, and it wipes out a whole town. We could call it 'The Mighty Atom' on account of it's so small. And the F.B.I.—."

"Gindelbaum, your name is inscribed off of the pay-roll".

And to cap it all, two jewel robberies on a scale that would frighten any thriller writer away from the subject. What is more, the Batavia robbery has borrowed some of the cheaper and more sensational features of "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God."

•

ANOTHER occurrence of last week brought the facts of life into closer relationship with their screen adaptation. Perhaps you have wondered at the pretty little actresses who step out of lifeboats (after three weeks), or emerge from frontier battles with Redskins, or travel for three days in crowded day-coaches and still appear without a hair out of place.

From now on you must restrain that lifting eyebrow. Miss Vivien Leigh and her husband, Mr. Laurence Olivier, were photographed pulling their luggage out of the wreckage of an airliner in which they had crashed after catching fire (the airliner, that is) at 5,000 feet. *And not a hair out of place!*

How the cameraman got there in time is one of the major miracles of film publicity. Do you suppose they have them all along the route? At any rate, in the opinion of one not inexperienced in stepping out of burning aircraft, Olivier, Miss Leigh, the cameraman and the pilot all deserve Oscars for their performance.

•

THE latest suggestion for the Bikini Atoll experiment is that Nazi and Japanese war criminals be substituted for the innocent animals that have been detailed to find out what it feels like to be bombed to atoms. The suggestion comes from the National Canine Defence League of London, England.

This course of action has several snags which might cause serious trouble. Suppose the bomb fails to go off, what then? The Society for Something Else will then claim that these men have technically paid the full penalty, like that poor colored chap in the faulty electric chair, and must now be released.

Another difficulty, who would stay on Bikini and guard these men? How would we know that they didn't start sneaking away as soon as they were left, and possibly swim to some floating log, on which they might escape?

And if, by some miracle, they survived the atom bomb explosion, wouldn't we be forced to release them, not knowing whether they had picked up any valuable information about U 235.

The only safe method would be to tie them to the bomb when it's being dropped, which is a much better idea anyway and more likely to appeal to mass sadism.

•

"LIFE sure has its ups and downs for *you*", said the fat man, chuckling heartily.

The elevator-man kept his face rigid with disapproval, completely wasted, until the fat man had disappeared.

"About three times a year I hear that", said the elevator-man, "and I been running this elevator seventeen years".

There was a world of weariness in his voice.

"The trouble with people is", he went on, "they never stop and think about anything. If four of 'em was standing at one floor, the fifth would still come along and press the bell. Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, all day long, and all of it unnecessary. Do you know all they need in this elevator to tell me where to stop?"

"No, what?" I asked.

"Just that indicator there. No buzz, no nothing. But the trouble is, people want to hear something ring, or buzz, when they press the button. So I got to have this thing buzzing in my ear all day. Just listen".

The buzzer had buzzed about five times during our conversation, but the elevator man showed no sign of moving from the fourth floor.

"Let 'em wait", he said, continuing to allow 'em that privilege. "Why, I'll tell you what they'd like better than a buzzer. They'd like some rig that stuck right into the seat of my pants, so they could hear me screaming with agony till I stopped at their floor. It's the same on the street cars. Don't matter how many people ring the bell, the next one always does, too. And a little red light beside the motorman would be just as good".

But don't think for one minute that I endorse the words of the elevator man in this matter. On the very same day that the foregoing information on the troubles of an elevator operator was given to me, I wanted to descend from the seventh floor of an office building.

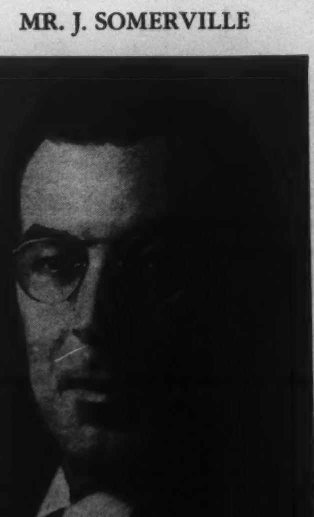
There were five men waiting, so I didn't press the bell. I watched two Down cars go past, and then an Up car stopped.

All five men got in.

Out of curiosity I followed, and watched them all get out at the eighth floor and file into the So and So Company Employees Lunch Room.

Henceforth, I shall consider excessive (and impatient) bell ringing a normal hardship in an elevator man's line of duty.

MR. J. SOMERVILLE



MR. SOMERVILLE has been appointed Manager of the London, Eng. branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce. Mr. Somerville entered the bank's service at Prince Albert, Sask. in 1911 and had more than ten years' experience at branches in Western Canada. In 1924 he was transferred to the Bank's office at Havana, Cuba and two years later was made Assistant Manager there. He was appointed an Assistant Inspector at Head Office, Toronto, late in 1931, Assistant Manager at Ottawa three years later and Manager of the Phillips Square branch, Montreal, in 1936. For the last two years he has been senior Assistant Manager of the Montreal main branch. •

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Are you interested in being able to produce *standard components* so that your plant can make a greater variety of products? DFI can help you accomplish this by furnishing a plan of balanced production tailored to your requirements.

Balanced production is but one of the end results of our Planned Products Service. Others include: cost reduction, solution to top management problems, product appearance design, new products, industrial research.

We bring you techniques developed out of 10 years' experience with over 300 clients, a knowledge of Canadian manufacturers' problems, the services of a staff of over 100 designers, engineers and technicians.

Complete information upon request. Our service costs are in line with your volume.

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CANADIAN DIRECTOR
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DESIGNERS FOR INDUSTRY, INC.
2915 DETROIT AVE. • CLEVELAND 13, OHIO

BILL: Shipments to South America sure are headaches. Why, we spent $17.00 for packing one shipment in a strong case for Caracas, Venezuela. And what a howl the client put up when he had to pay Bolivar $1.20 per kilo duty on the whole 70 lbs., plus 15% *extra* duty just because two different tariff items were in the one case. Well, next time, with a shipment to Bogota, Colombia, I tried to do better—packed everything in light steel-strapped cartons. And what do you think happened?

JACK: Ha, ha, ha! The empty carton ruins probably did arrive at Bogota, and you were in a mess of trouble again!

BILL: How did *you* know? But you're dead right!

JACK: You forgot that Caracas is only a few miles uphill from the port, so light packing is sufficient; but goods for Bogota go by steamer, river boat, railway, and sometimes trucks, over 8,000 feet passes, and are loaded and unloaded 15 times, and so need good protection. I tell you, Bill, you telephone Canadian-European Forwarders every time, for advice on South American shipments. We do, and it sure pays.

CANADIAN-EUROPEAN FORWARDERS LTD.
Canada's Leading International Freight Forwarders
Empire Building
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1792
NORTH AMERICA
1946

MEMO TO
TRAVELLERS BY AIR

MANY men are unaware that ordinary accident and life insurance policies *may not* cover them against aviation accidents. Consequently when planning to travel by plane they require last-minute and adequate Aviation Accident Insurance.

This can be obtained swiftly through an Aviation Accident Insurance Policy of the "North America" Companies. Your Insurance Agent or Broker can and will promptly insure you against all aviation accident risks anywhere in the world, through one of our Service Offices throughout Canada, thereby often saving the expense of long distance calls, wires or cables.

Indemnity Insurance Company of North America pioneered and still leads in the business of Aviation Accident Insurance.

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INDEMNITY INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA
PHILADELPHIA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

22

LONDON LETTER

Parades Prove the Englishman Has Perfect Curbside Manners

By P. O'D.

London.

LONDON turned out for the Victory celebrations in much the same spirit as that in which a good many men go to parties, a bit reluctantly, wondering why they are wasting all that time and money, half expecting the whole thing to miss fire, and then — well, then they have a perfectly wonderful time when they get there. It was a great show superbly produced, as such things nearly always are in this country. There seems to be a national genius for this sort of pageantry. And people gathered by the million to see and rejoice.

A visitor who wanted a genuine insight into British character couldn't have done better than to wander about the streets on the Friday night —the later the better. Tens of thousands of people had already taken up their positions, in doorways, in archways, beside lee walls, under trees, wherever they could get a little shelter, but many on the actual pavements, if the traffic conditions and the police permitted. They made themselves as comfortable as they could, some of them rather elaborately with ground-sheets and blankets. But most of them simply sat or stood or strolled about.

The weather was unsettled. From time to time it rained — fortunately not very heavily. But everyone was orderly, patient, and good-natured.

The British have perfect curbside manners — or perhaps I should say the English. I am not at all sure the Scottish or the Welsh would be nearly so patient and considerate; and I am perfectly certain the Irish wouldn't. But then probably the Scottish and Welsh and Irish would have more sense than to lie out in the rain all night in order to have a good place for the show next day. I really believe the English like doing that sort of thing. They regard it as a test of character.

The Victory Parade was a most impressive and thrilling display — though perhaps not the whole nine miles of it — but to many the most lovely and memorable feature of the celebrations was the spectacle along the Thames at night, the royal progress down the river, the fireworks and searchlights and the floodlit buildings. It brought back the days of Queen Elizabeth and the Stuarts to have the King and Queen arriving at Westminster by Royal Barge.

The beauty of it all made one wonder why London River, as the sailors call it, is not more often used for such spectacular purposes. But perhaps it will be now.

Television's Test

One of the things the Victory Parade did was to furnish an exacting test of the television service. On the whole the newly-revived service seems to have come through it with remarkable success, in spite of the dark and unfavorable weather.

Naturally it would be too much to expect that the teleview of such a spectacle should have the smoothness and high pictorial quality of a carefully-edited newsreel. A good deal of the picture was dull and repetitive, and the coordination between cameras and commentators was not always complete. But there is a great satisfaction in seeing the thing as and when it is happening, and not as it is afterwards dressed up.

In this case, the success achieved was more than enough to make clear the immense possibilities before the new service, once it is thoroughly established and the special technique has been mastered. The recording of the Victory Parade should do a lot to hasten these developments and to arouse popular interest in television —when people can again get sets.

Racing Form Unpredictable

Form in matters of sport has its importance, no doubt. Otherwise why should so many people spend so much time writing and talking about it? But it doesn't do to take it too seriously. There are occasions when it is outrageously and successfully flouted — as in this year's Derby, for instance. Seldom in the long history of the race (this was the 167th) have the experts been left so flat, foolish, and flabbergasted.

Before the race Airborne was merely a name on the card. None of the racing correspondents had a word to say for it. No horsey friend tipped it as a possible long-shot. If you wanted to bet on it, you could have had almost any odds you asked. But the only person I know who did bet on it was a lady, and she backed it for no better reason than that she had a son in the R.A.F. — ten shillings as a matter of sentiment. She got £30.

Airborne had never won anything of the slightest importance, there was nothing especially notable about its breeding, and even its owner had so little confidence in it that up to a few days before the race he was in two minds about scratching it.

So Airborne made racing history, and the prophets were confounded — which is, I suppose, one of the reasons why prophets are without honor in their own country. It's a dangerous profession.

Navy's New Hat

Some of the things that servicemen do with their hats or caps seem to be in complete defiance of the law of gravity. How they keep the things on I simply cannot guess, unless it is that they dress their hair with glue. Take, for instance, the round caps that sailors balance on the extreme back of the head. It must take years to learn that trick.

The Admiralty should perhaps be pleased with the skill displayed in this respect, but the Admiralty isn't. The Admiralty doesn't consider it proper that sailors should wear their caps in the position in which mediaeval saints used to wear their halos. In the view of their Lordships the top of the head is the place for a cap, though they should have realized that, if you give a man a perfectly round cap, he will naturally shift it to the roundest part of his head, which is the back — with most men, at any rate.

Anyway, the Admiralty don't like it, and won't have it, and it is issuing a new oval cap with a leather band inside, which you can't hang on the back of your head, even if you are a sailor. I wonder if all those wives in the different ports will like it.

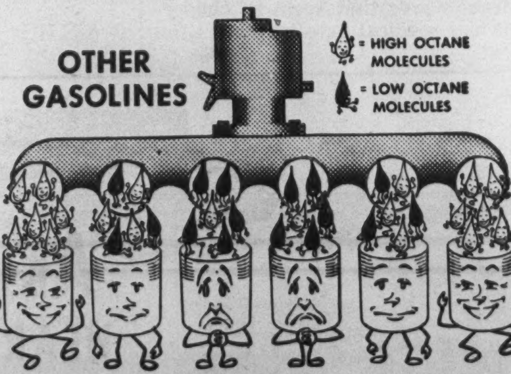
No gasoline, regardless of price, can match the Incomparable Smoothness of

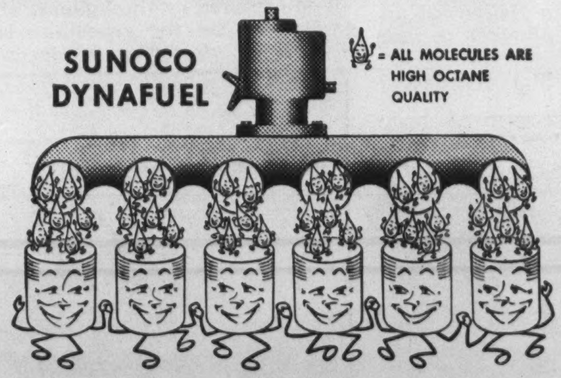
SUNOCO DYNAFUEL

THE NEW ALL-PETROLEUM MOTOR FUEL

AND HERE'S THE REASON!

ALL gasolines (including Sunoco Dynafuel) are composed of "light" and "heavy" molecules. As the gasoline goes into the cylinders from the carburetor, some of the "heavy" molecules separate from the rest of the gasoline and go to certain cylinders which get most of the "heavy" molecules while other cylinders get mostly "light" molecules.




SUNOCO DYNAFUEL
= ALL MOLECULES ARE HIGH OCTANE QUALITY

IN OTHER GASOLINES the "heavy" molecules are low in octane quality.. ● ● but the "light" molecules are high octane ○ ○. The cylinders receiving the low grade "heavy" molecules do not receive the same high knockless quality as other cylinders.

IN SUNOCO DYNAFUEL, all molecules, both "heavy" and "light" deliver equally high octane power ○ ○. No matter whether a cylinder receives "light" or "heavy" molecules, that cylinder and all cylinders receive uniformly high knockless quality.

DYNAFUEL'S UNIFORM POWER IN EVERY CYLINDER GIVES YOU A SWEETER-RUNNING CAR

No gasoline can excel its

QUICK STARTING · FAST ACCELERATION · LONG MILEAGE

UNIQUE SMOOTHNESS · HIGH KNOCKLESS POWER

Dynafuel gives you a big plus over other high-test gasolines!

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Coping With the Tempermental Artists of Opera and Dance

IMPRESARIO, by S. Hurok, in colaboration with Ruth Goode. (Random House, $3.75.)

FAMOUS singers, dancers and pianists are people, not demigods. And who better can describe and appraise them than the "big-time" speculator who guarantees a tour of, say, thirty concerts at some thousands of dollars each? The word "manager" is too tame a description for such a personage; he is an *impresario*.

New York has had no more picturesque and daring *impresario* than the author of this book who, as a boy, landed in America from his native Russia with $1.50, supplemented with courage and ambition. He was still a hardware salesman at $7 a week when he began organizing concerts to pep-up the Socialist campaign in the Twenty-Third Congressional District. These were held in the Labor Lyceum in Brooklyn and it seemed that Mr. Hurok could talk eminent musicians into appearing there at very low fees.

With a "nerve" beyond price he wrote letters to Chaliapin offering himself as his American manager; —and got no reply. But before many years he was the great Russian's man of affairs, and suffered gladly from his explosions of temperament. He managed Pavlova, Isadora Duncan, Rubinstein and a galaxy of other stars and came at last into heavenly places as the manager of Marian Anderson.

The book is lively and fascinating.

•

The Crime Calendar

By J. V. McAREE

SINCE we last reported we have read a dozen or more stories of crime and mystery but only three are worth mentioning. The first of them is **Come and Be Killed** by Shelley Smith (Collins, $2.25). It might also be named **The Virgin Murderess**; and seems to us a first class piece of work. There is not a great deal of detection in it. Mainly it is a study of a perverted mind in a woman who has missed love and marriage, and apparently has no other fault except that of killing people for their money. Its psychology strikes us as profound, and its characters are such as George Gissing might have drawn.

The second is **Benefit Performance** by Richard Sale (Musson, $2.50). The scene is laid in Hollywood and we get interesting glimpses of some of the extraordinary characters who infest the place. It is exciting, and the denouement is thrilling.

The third is **Blood is a Beggar** by Thomas Kyd, a pseudonym for a newcomer (Longmans Green, $2.50) and in some respects it is the best of the three. The author has a respect for the niceties of English, a pleasant sense of humor, and there is a trick ending worthy of Agatha Christie. The crime takes place in an American university and the leading characters are far from the kind usually encountered in detective stories. In fact the duties of a reviewer of crime stories would be a constant pleasure if he had always books to read as good as these three.

•

Pacific Isles

ALOHA, by Armine von Tempski. (Collins, $3.25.)

IN the land of good-will; that is to say, in the Hawaiian Islands before the pollution of war settled upon it, the three orphans of a white rancher faced a crisis. With narrowed resources and high tastes they determined to copy the "dude ranch" of the United States, but with a difference. They undertook to conduct tourists on journeys to the top of Mount Haleakala and "do for them" coming and going. Meanwhile the eldest girl would use fag-ends of time in pursuing her ambition to be a writer.

This is her personal story, rich in color as she describes the lush countryside and the mingled races of people, all in happy companionship and service. It comes to a thrilling climax in the description of a volcanic eruption. The book is admirable in grace and in humor.

•

Vacation Reading

By MARY DALE MUIR

WILDERNESS ADVENTURE, by Elizabeth Pape. (Oxford, $3.00.)

THIS romance of the early 18th century loses nothing in excitement by its adherence to historical fact. Many of today's tourists know the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the New Orleans districts, the wilderness of 1742 through which Captain Howard with his son Josiah, Red Sinclair, John Peter Salling and Poteat went in search of Lisel Salling who had been captured by the Indians.

Powder for the expedition is obtained by doctoring a document. Josiah and Red are only held together in the same expedition by their desire to rescue and claim the same lovely maiden. Quick-wittedness and good woodsmanship have often to substitute for numbers and ammunition. Killing a buffalo to make a canoe, arrival at New Orleans, imprisonment and illness are but incidents that add to the excitement of a hazardous journey.

Plotted to good dramatic effect and with excellent writing thrown in, the story is one of the best pieces of historical romance that has come to this reader's hand since reading the same author's "The Tree of Liberty." It is likely to be a favorite with summer readers.

•

Maytime Popularity

BOOKS in demand at the Toronto Public Libraries during the month of May, arranged according to popularity. In fiction: The King's General, by Daphne du Maurier; The Black Rose, by Thomas Costain; This Side of Innocence, by Taylor Caldwell; London Belongs To Me, by Norman Collins; The River Road, by F. P. Keyes; Brideshead Revisited, by Evelyn Waugh; My Lady of Cleves, by M. C. Barnes; The Snake Pit, by M. J. Ward; Leave Her to Heaven, by B. A. Williams; The Life Line, by Phyllis Bottome; David The King, by Gladys Schmitt; Hawk's Flight, by Helen Hull.

Books other than fiction: The Egg And I, by Betty MacDonald; Top Secret, by Ralph Ingersoll; Unforgettable, Unforgotten, by Anna Buchan; Burma Surgeon Returns, by G. S. Seagrave; Saints, Devils And Ordinary Seamen, by W. H. Pugsley; This House Against This House, by Vincent Sheean; The Messenger, by R. V. C. Bodley; Grand River, by Mabel Dunham; Lovely Is The Lee, by Robert Gibbings; A Solo In Tom-Toms, by Gene Fowler; The Stream Runs Fast, by Nellie McClung; How Never To Be Tired, by M. B. Ray.

•

Canadian Genius

HE CONQUERED DEATH, The Story of Frederick Grant Banting, by Margaret Mason Shaw. (Macmillans $2.00.)

TO please his little son, bedridden with a damaged hip, Dr. Fraser started one evening to tell him the story of a College friend who made a name for himself in Canada and in the world. The story became a serial running for many nights and attracting a considerable group of the invalid's small friends.

Using this clever device Miss Shaw has produced a boys-and-girls' book of uncommon charm and free from the hard words that seem to cluster about any medical or other scientific subject.

Folk of riper years, also particularly those who knew and loved the diligent and friendly man who discovered and perfected insulin, will read and appreciate the book.

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service," 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1.

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COLLEGE
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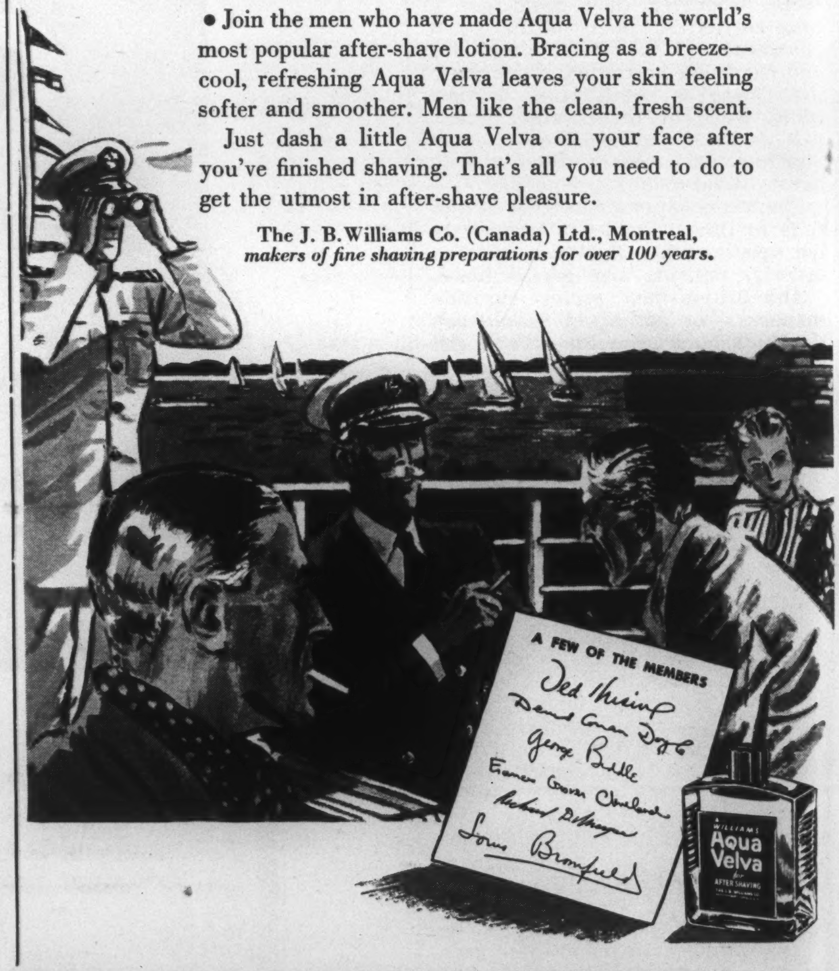
Make Early Application for Fall
FALL TERM BEGINS TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3
2 ST. CLAIR AVENUE EAST • • • TORONTO, CANADA

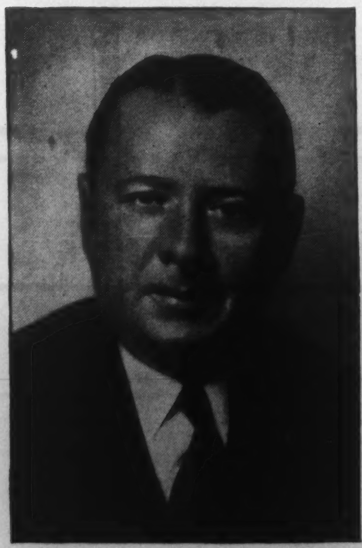

MESSAGE TO GENTLEMEN
who belong to the world's most distinguished After-Shave Club

• Join the men who have made Aqua Velva the world's most popular after-shave lotion. Bracing as a breeze—cool, refreshing Aqua Velva leaves your skin feeling softer and smoother. Men like the clean, fresh scent.

Just dash a little Aqua Velva on your face after you've finished shaving. That's all you need to do to get the utmost in after-shave pleasure.

The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Ltd., Montreal,
makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

MR. R. H. McDADE



MR. McDADE has been appointed an Assistant General Manager at the Head Office of The Canadian Bank of Commerce. A native of Nova Scotia, Mr. McDade spent his early banking career at various Maritime and Western branches before taking up military service in the first Great War. He was appointed Assistant Manager at Rio de Janeiro in 1929, Manager of that branch in 1932, and Assistant Manager at London Eng. three years later. He was made a Superintendent at Head Office early in 1943, and Manager at London, Eng. toward the end of that year.

ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER

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SHOPS AND AGENCIES IN PRINCIPAL CANADIAN CITIES

THE BOOKSHELF

Canadian Foreign Service, With Its Rise and Development

CANADIAN REPRESENTATION ABROAD, From Agency to Embassy, by H. Gordon Skilling. (Ryerson, $3.50.)

CANADIAN export business is of a different kind from that of Great Britain and yet for generations all difficulties in our affairs abroad were ironed-out by British Embassies or Consulates. Often the ironing-out was imperfect, not from lack of interest but from lack of knowledge, for no Englishman, however eminent, can get the "feel" of this country without long residence here. Similarly on more than one occasion disputes-of-state in which Canada was the party of the first part were settled by the British Foreign Office—not to our advantage.

On the other hand the prestige of British officials had a quieting effect when disputes were rising to a height, so on the whole there was enough give-and-take about the practice to make haste slowly in changing it. Some Canadians feared that any change would loosen the bonds of Empire, even after the complete autonomy of Canada was accepted in the Statute of Westminster. An unreasoning timidity, no doubt, but a persistent one. Now that Embassies are established in ten foreign countries the emptiness of that fear is apparent.

Dr. Skilling has traced in this important volume the genesis and progress of the Canadian Department of External Affairs, sparing no labor to justify his story by official papers and utterances. He foresees its continued growth and would like to see a larger scholastic opportunity in the Universities for young men looking towards a diplomatic career.

The author made his study under the auspices of The Canadian Institute of International Affairs.

•

In Feudal Ireland

AND THAT'S NO LIE, by Beatrice Bill Talbot. (Allen, $2.50.)

AND now for once here's an Irish story with no politics in it, no land leagues, no social hatreds, only happy memories and laughter. John Linehan, in thirty-six years of service with Dr. Fritz Talbot of Brookline, a suburb of Boston, had a "mort" of stories about his young days in Ireland when he was a farm lad and then a groom in the service of Captain Tuckett and his lady. Mrs. Talbot encouraged the old man to talk and then wrote down each tale in the quaint manner of the telling and you can smell shamrocks in every sentence. As, for instance, "Oh, my God, but Mary was a handsome girl, a nice girl. Every time she'd meet you she had a laugh or a joke. It isn't that I'm bragging, but the girls in Ireland they never have to put on paint, though you'd think Mary was covered with it. Oh my gracious, the difference in the girls then and now!"

Or this, "Almighty God created the rich and poor and when they are united don't they have fun. It's the truth I'm tellin' you."

So any one who loves a good Irishman and a good horse and sighs over the troubles that each of them may run into will enjoy this "darlin' book."

•

Valedictory

LAST CHAPTER, by Ernie Pyle. (Oxford, $3.50.)

FOR "the captains and the kings" of war Ernie Pyle had small patience. For the rules and practice of the game he had less. Through the North African, Sicilian and Italian campaigns his whole interest was in the sufferings and joys of the private soldier for whom the war was bounded by a circle with a radius of perhaps a hundred yards from him. His task was to report the present state of Private John Doe of 2754 Lincoln Street, South Bend, Ind., or Richard Roe of a specific address in Dallas, Texas.

His despatches and later his books had great popularity in the United States, and naturally so. They were intimate, honest and reflected the kind spirit of the man. In the service he made friends every day. And then, being tired, and all-in, he was recalled home, knowing that after a rest he would go to the Pacific. On Okinawa he was killed by a machine-gun bullet through the temples.

This book is mainly concerned with the men of the navy. The most striking portion of it describes the manner of life on an air-craft carrier. It reads like the pleasant conversation of an old friend.

•

An Incredibility

THE RAIN OF DEATH, a novel, by J. de N. Kennedy. (Nelson's, $2.50.)

THE cold facts about atomic energy are so fantastic that they seem beyond reason. Therefore any fiction on the subject, even when laced with imaginative trimmings such as chemical formulae and tortuous cypher-codes, is less than interesting. A thriller, to be impressive, must give the credulity of the reader something to hang on to.

•

Fantastic Humor

PEABODY'S MERMAID, a novel, by Guy and Constance Jones. (Random House, $3.00.)

A BIG business man and his wife are having a holiday in one of the Bahama Islands. While the wife is enduring a depressing social life among aristocrats, with an English accent, the husband goes on lonely sailing and fishing trips. In the course of one of these he hears singing and then sees a girl sitting on the rocks combing her golden hair. She slips into the sea, her fish-tail flashing in the sunlight. The fisherman rubs his eyes and has another drink; probably an unnecessary one, considering that he had been fishing for some time and is in a mood for seeing things.

But later he catches the mermaid in his troll, takes her home and after refreshing her in the hotel bath-tub puts her in the ornamental garden pool. Then complications arise.

It took two people to write this fantasy. Ten people couldn't make it credible and worth reading.

•

Insanity, Goya, Etc.

By W. S. MILNE

THE SNAKE PIT, by Mary Jane Ward. (Random House, $3.00.)

IN THE BLAZING LIGHT, by Max White. (Collins, $3.00.)

THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE, by Taylor Caldwell. (Saunders, $3.50.)

A BOOK CLUB and one of the monthly digests have already spread the fame of "The Snake Pit". I suppose most people know by now that it is the story, told in the first person, of life in a private hospital for the insane. *Asylum* once meant a place of refuge. Its association with the idea of a place for lunatics has given it connotations of horror. We no longer lower the mentally sick into a pit of snakes that the shock may right the upset balance of their reason; instead we administer "shock" treatment, and "water therapy," but the old horror remains. It is in part the horror of the strange and imperfectly understood.

The mental institution of this book, in which apparently the author was an inmate, and from which she emerged cured after two years, strikes one as being needlessly cruel and stupid, although it is supposed to be one of the better and more progressive sort. At first one wondered whether the uglinesses were not exaggerated by this ex-inmate. Then one read a recent feature article in *Life*, and looked at its accompanying photographs, and realized that Mrs. Ward's hospital was wise and humane by comparison with many American State institutions of that sort.

"The Snake Pit" is not a pleasant book; nevertheless, it tells its story with restraint and dignity, and even, where possible, humor, and its heroine was cured. The tracing of the stages of that cure, with its struggles and hopes and setbacks and disappointments, is absorbing reading. At first, the somewhat impressionistic style, with its fragmentary descriptions, sometimes in the first person, sometimes in the third, in which the imaginary nightmare world constantly impinges on the real, and one cannot always tell which is which, is likely to prove a stumbling block to the reader. Once well into the story, however, with the cure beginning, there is no difficulty. This is a book to read, by all means.

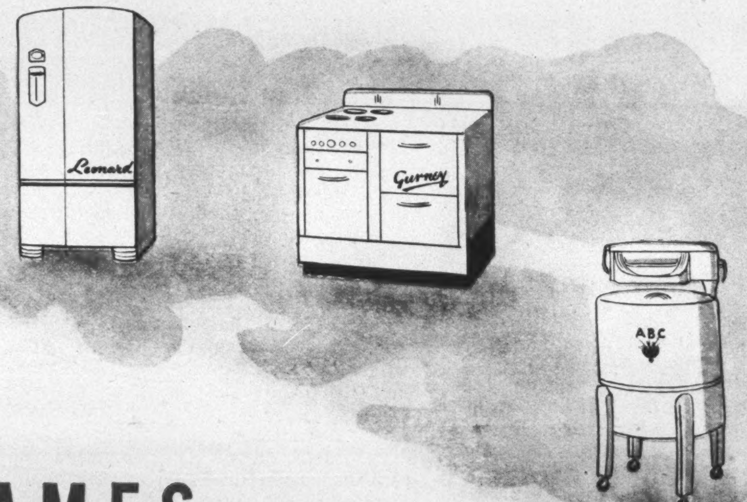
•

"In the Blazing Light" attempts to reconstruct, in novel form, a period of about thirty years in the life of the Spanish painter, Goya. It starts with his return to Madrid from Rome, about 1770, and traces his career up to the time of the Napoleonic invasion. How close it is to actual fact, I do not know, but I do feel that the Goya here portrayed is a believable human being, and that such a man might have painted the pictures and engraved the etchings that bear his name. This in a novel of such a sort is a triumph, for Goya was not an easy subject. Blend of peasant and aristocratic strains, ex-bullfighter, court favorite, suspect "liberal", and lover of the Duchess of Alba, he furnishes plenty of highly-colored material for a swashbuckling romance.

But such a treatment could not reconcile all the divergent traits, could not explain his pictures, with their mordant sardonic humor, their unrest and dissatisfaction with life, and at the same time their evidence of zest for living. His fictive biographer has very properly made a sincere attempt to get behind Goya's sensational façade. He has not succeeded in resolving all the discords, but neither did Goya himself. If at times the reader is puzzled to know why Goya acted as he did, it is probable that Goya was puzzled too. His sensational affair with the Duchess of Alba, although it occupies much space in the story, is not unduly played up, and the publisher's lurid reference to it in the jacket blurb is undeserved. One does feel, however, that the Duchess is never completely real; she is meant to be devastating, but one finds her complexities and inconsistencies and whims tedious and dubitable. One wishes more time had been spent on those experiences of the artist that gave us the unforgettable series of etchings, "The Disasters of War". This book is sufficiently sensational, however, to call forth a Goya vogue comparable with the Van Gogh vogue of a few years ago.

•

"This Side of Innocence" presents no difficulty save that of wading through its 499 solid pages, and no problem except that of deciding whether the effort was worth making. It is the story of playboy Jerome Lindsay, who leaves New York in 1868 for the family mansion up state. The occasion is his adopted brother's marriage. He stays on in Riversend to take the lady away from his brother-cousin, and start a rival banking business. The best part of the novel is the discussion of the changing of the American economy from agrarian to industrial, a change that, foreseen by Jerome, is the basis of his success. This is a long, solid, carefully told tale rather in the Mrs. Henry Wood — she wrote "East Lynne"—tradition, but the first third is the worst. The story steadily improves with the transformation of Jerome from rake to financier, and the last half of the story can be read with practically no effort at all. The characters are vivid and virtue triumphs, though not too soon.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Top-Flight Talent to Be Kept in Canada by Graduate Training

By JOHN H. YOCOM

"THE Senior School of the Toronto Conservatory of Music," says Dr. Arnold Walter, Vice-Principal, "is the University of Toronto's answer to the frequent charge that Canada's young musicians are not given enough opportunity for studying and exercising their talents in this country, that they need to go to the U.S. to find what they want." (S.N., June 15).

The reorganization of the Conservatory one year ago established the Senior School under Dr. Walter's direction. Proof of the initial year's good work and excellent promise for the future were given in three recent closing concerts of the graduate school. They were probably as good as anything one might hear at similar concerts of any music school on this continent, including the Juilliard, the Curtis, the Peabody, Yale's, etc.

Violin pupils of Kathleen Parlow and piano pupils of Lubka Kolessa appeared as a credit to both the pioneer senior department and their teachers. Some day soon these young people will be major contributions to concert stages across the nation and in the U.S.

Tauno Hannikainen, formerly of Finland, now conductor of the Duluth Symphony, will be Prom Symphony Orchestra guest conductor on Tues.

It is difficult to single out individuals for this space, but, of the three violinists, we found the brilliancy of Joseph Pach's playing of Tschaikowsky's "Allegro Moderato" most exciting. Tova Boroditsky is a pianist who can handle such music as the Schubert-Liszt "Wanderer Fantasia" and Liszt-Paganini études not merely as show pieces requiring great technique, as is so often the case, but as nobler expressions of recognized genius.

More than simply an additional department to the Conservatory, this young and virile graduate school is something new for English-speaking Canada — a place providing training for especially gifted and sufficiently advanced students to prepare themselves, under the guidance of artist teachers, for professional careers. Dr. Walter last week defined it as "a scholarship school planned for professional musicians."

The tuition fee is only $250. In addition, there are offered eleven full and half-scholarships and a number of maintenance scholarships donated by private citizens.

Investment Guide

But in our opinion, the scholarship list is not large enough. We hope that the number of donors will increase as the school expands. Here is the place where a dollar spent on musical talent will pay most dividends in developing concert performing Canadians. The Carnegie Foundation, which has financially encouraged educational efforts elsewhere, might be interested. Canadian institutions, such as the C.B.C., private radio stations or national radio advertisers promoting Canadian talent, might be persuaded to establish $400 or $500 scholarships. Service clubs might profitably invest in the Senior School. Certainly the graduates would be sure to put feathers in Canada's cap and bring satisfaction to sponsoring organizations. The Canadian Authors, Publishers and Composers Association already has awarded a handsome composition scholarship of $750.

The school keeps its sights raised high, aims at the highest possible standard. All phases of graduate courses — piano, violin, singing, composition, organ and church music — and the supplementary studies are carefully blueprinted and supervised. For instance, while minor subjects are taught in classes, majors are given by intensive individual instruction. The top-notch faculty is made up of senior members from the Conservatory and the University's Faculty of Music. Violinists receive special training in chamber music classes and in the orchestra; organists in choir training and choral conducting.

The opera school trains in operatic vocal and production techniques, participation in the chorus, soloist's repertoire, stage deportment, stage direction, etc. It is planned that two operas will be prepared each year, if possible with two casts.

Entrance requirements are: 18 years of age, completion of a 4-year high school course, and the performance requirements for the A.T.C.M. examination. A course, ordinarily completed in two years, leads to the diploma of Licentiateship (L.T.C.M.). Special training requirements include such practical things as two complete recitals by each student.

Last week the one-year-old Senior School, getting set to line up promising material for next fall, issued a new syllabus. It showed a determination to keep upper-drawer music talent in Canada by offering second-to-none training in Canada. Students planning to enter were told to file formal applications before August 15. Entrance examinations will be held in Toronto on September 24 and 25 or for candidates not residing in Ontario at main centres throughout the Dominion by arrangement.

Hart House, Mark II

A short time ago there took place the formal opening of the beautiful music room of Hart House Ajax, clubhouse for the suburban section of the University of Toronto. During the war the buildings were constructed and used for ammunition manufacture. Sir Ernest MacMillan and Elie Spivak presented a special program of Beethoven's Sonata No. 7, Sonata in A major for violin and piano by Cesar Franck, and a group of violin solos.

Both Sir Ernest and Mr. Spivak were impressed by the excellent acoustics of the room, the collection of records and the record player, and the general enthusiasm of the student engineers.

Supervisor Doug Emond and his staff are carrying on the tradition begun by Hart House Toronto in stimulating interest in the arts— music, art, books, etc. In a sense there is considerably greater scope for this work at Ajax for the 1,200 engineering students living in are, to some extent, isolated.

In Hart House Ajax, formerly an employment centre, are a music room, library, common room, chapel and snack-bar.

This week's recital by Harry Adaskin was the last until next fall.

Portia White, brilliant young contralto from Halifax, is more and

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more being regarded as another Marian Anderson. Proof: last week's Prom attendance, after a couple of indifferent weeks, shot up as if a Donald Dame or a Jean Dickenson were in town. Portia sang three arias with the orchestra, Valter Poole conducting, two songs and two spirituals with the piano.

Unlike Marian, who keeps her eyes closed a great deal, sometimes moving listeners uneasily with her intense feeling, Portia keeps hers open. But like Marian, Portia sings with beautiful tone, every phrase filled with heart-warming sincerity, and an assurance and flexibility developed from careful training.

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GUEST CONDUCTOR

MARIO LANZA

TENOR

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THE WORLD OVER

THE FILM PARADE

The Decline of the Western May Actually Be About to Set-In

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

LOVERS of horse opera must, I imagine, get the same enjoyment from Westerns that some types of devout people get from ritual. Nothing changes because the form laid down in the beginning is established for eternity, and any departure from tradition would unbalance the whole and upset the participants. Thus it is possible to enjoy without any fear of betrayal the undeviating line, the blend and alternations of sight and sound and the orderly inevitable flow of images. For though the latter tend to be violent in themselves they have a predictable rhythm and so produce, along with the thud, thud, thud and bang, bang, bang, an effect of soothing hypnosis.

As a voluntary movie-goer I couldn't be dragged to a cow-country opera by a sheriff's posse. When I attend in the line of duty, however, I usually find the experience enjoyable. The thing to do is to commit yourself to an act of faith and then relax. It isn't surprising then to find current references on the bearded lips of characters dead for fifty years, (the hero in a recent Western, for instance, actually paraphrased T. S. Eliot), or to see the cherished diva from the East touring the cow country and singing French chansons to enraptured cowhands in Western barrooms. The moral solution, of course, sticks out like a healthy thumb right from the start, so you don't have to worry about that.

The Half-Unbelievers

Unfortunately there are beginning to be indications that the Western is declining. The signs of failing interest aren't in the followers as yet, but in the priesthood that produces horse opera. The producers and directors, rather than the public, seem to be losing faith. Quite frequently these days a director will openly kid the cult in the very act of directing it. More frequently he is listless and perfunctory about the whole thing and the actors themselves seem to be no more than half-trying. A good Western hero, for instance, should be able to deliver the line, "When you call me that, *smile*" with sufficient authority and faith to transfigure its undeniable corniness.

I'm afraid Joel McCrea's rendering of the timeless warning in the latest re-make of "The Virginian" doesn't come up to the old standards, or anywhere near them. The whole production, in act, lacks all signs of the inner fervor that has kept Westerns going all these years. It's just a very old dish, warmed up with technicolor. "In Old Sacramento," which has Constance Moore as the travelling diva, is very little better. It follows the Western ritual faithfully, but there is very little spirit behind either the direction or the acting. Something is badly needed to revive faith in the Western—maybe a big exultant believing show in the style of Cecil de Mille's "The Plainsman."

Heart-Throbs

Cardiac trouble is becoming almost as popular a screen complaint as amnesia. A week or two ago it was Maureen O'Hara who died of a heart thrombosis, and last week in "Love Story" handsome Margaret Lockwood was the victim. In this film she is a brilliant London pianist (English films seem to be running recently to beautiful stricken pianists) and her predicament is a rather special one, for as soon as she discovers she is about to die she goes right out and falls in love with a young man (Stewart Grainger) who is about to go blind. The two go right ahead with their love-making, without confiding their afflictions to each other, and the situation is complicated by a second young woman with good eyesight and a sound heart who is determined to marry the hero. There are moments in "Love Story" when you feel the author has gone out of his way to make difficulties for all these people; and certainly the amount of plotting it takes to extricate them would have set up half a dozen love stories. As a result the experience is rather like sitting through a leisurely paced English novel. English directors apparently don't work on a close schedule, like Hollywood directors. They just amble through their spacious scripts, taking in plenty of scenery and odd characters by the way, and the result is agreeably restful rather than stimulating. Pianist Harriet Cohen doubles for Margaret Lockwood behind the scenes here, which means that the heroine's pianism sounds even more brilliant than it looks.

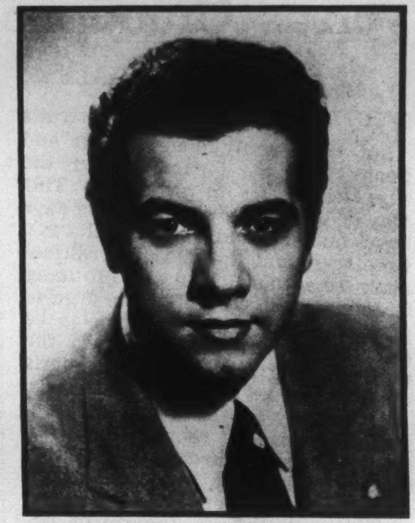
SWIFT REVIEW

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1946. Technicolor variety show, which probably represents the biggest screen spending spree of the season. There are any number of stars, but Fred Astaire is the one to watch for.

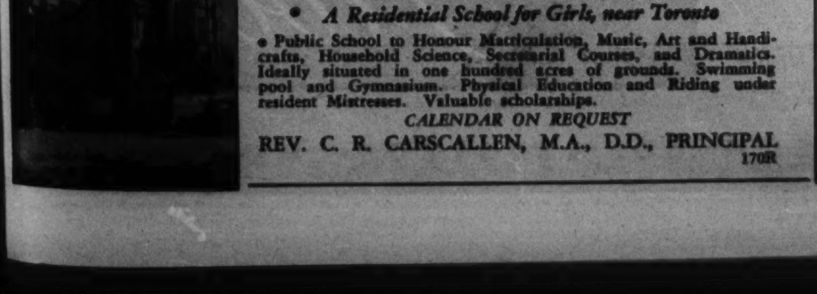
THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE. Dorothy McGuire as a beautiful mute, haunted by a killer whose specialty is imperfect females. Exciting.

THE BLUE DAHLIA. Tense and violent melodrama, lighted but not specially softened by the lovemaking of Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd.

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING. English romance, with enough fine scenery, humor and odd characterization to compensate for its rather exasperating heroine. Wendy Hiller, Roger Livesay.



Mario Lanza, tenor at next Tuesday's Prom Concert in Varsity Arena.



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WORLD OF WOMEN

The Ego and I: Grandpappy in Ink versus Grandpappy in Oils

By E. G. LANGDALE

THE fashion of having the portraits of the Family done in oils and hung above the buffet or over the fireplaces seems to have died. This may be because few people these days have buffets, and fewer still have fireplaces, and the cheery breakfast nook seems hardly the place to hang Grandpappy in Oils. But the urge to perpetuate one's family seems to be as strong as ever—only now the portraits are sketched in printer's ink and draped over the bookstalls.

The family portraits that are presently displayed range from the mildly eccentric through the undeniably pixillated to the out-and-out zany, and the skeleton of Great-Aunt Maria's indiscretions—instead of being discreetly and carefully locked into a dark cupboard—is presented for our entertainment with almost clinical display of bone. On top of this, practically everyone who has done something a little "different" (or maybe not even "different"—I read a book a few weeks ago about two girls who renovated an old wreck of a house, with much falling off ladders and tripping over buckets of paint) immediately writes a book.

Country doctors, country lawyers, country parsons, city doctors, city lawyers, city parsons, business men, strip teasers, cattlemen, sheep and dude ranchers, chicken farmers, grain growers, reporters and school teachers, and twenty-three more that I can't remember now, have joined the joyful rush to tell the world about their lives, their friends, their relations, their experiences and their experiments, while their sons, daughters, cousins, nephews and nieces have had a field day for the most part with derisive affection — displaying the foibles of their entertaining relatives to the public's interested gaze.

But why, (apart from the lack of fireplaces in the home) should there be so many self-and-family-portraits these days? Are we suddenly becoming a nation of exhibitionists?

Well, I don't know about the self-portraits, but personally, if I were surrounded by the kind of relatives who belong to the people who write books about them, I would write one myself in self-defence. (Don't worry —I have no aunts in the attic or uncles in the goldfish pond.) The only way in which a person with the wildly improbable kinfolk of some of these authors could assert himself is to take it out by telling someone—and the more people you can tell the better you feel—especially if you get paid for it.

Humor is Fashionable

You have probably noticed that most of these books—the better-selling ones, anyway—are humorous—and there is no better way to exorcise an underlying resentment and feeling of inferiority than to make fun of the cause of it—whether the cause be a great-aunt with matriarchal tendencies, a lovable but slightly addle-witted uncle, or a self-willed brood of beady-eyed fowl.

A generation or so ago these resentments were written out in novels —you remember the hair-raising account in "Jane Eyre" of Lowood School—and indeed, where resentment and frustration go deep they still emerge powerfully in creative work. But where the resentment is just the ordinary, every-day thwartedness that all people feel at one time or another, and especially in relation to beloved but exasperating families, it can emerge lightheartedly for the entertainment of the neighbors and at the same time prove a comfortable means of inflating the slightly stepped-on ego of the family-sufferer.

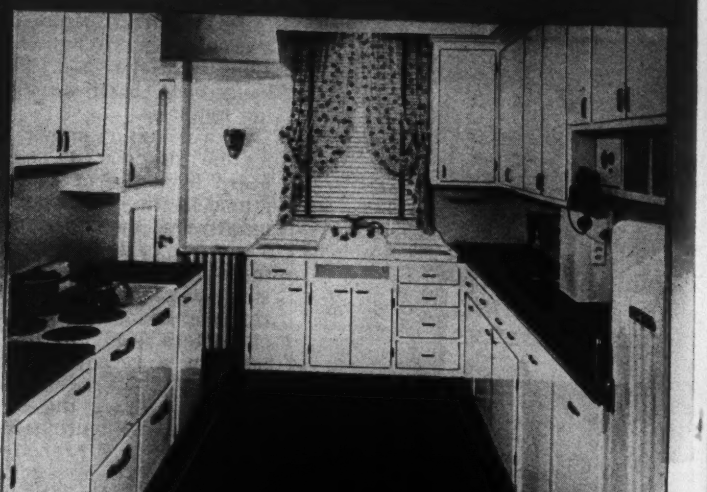
There may also be a desire to make ourselves heard in an increasingly vocal world, a desire to leave some sort of record, to show what we were and did and didn't. And what a peculiar age we are documenting for posterity!

This doesn't provide a really adequate answer to the "why" of so many of these books, and I imagine that a psychologist of the Freudian persuasion might have an entertaining time tracing the relation between, say, the still decreasing bathing suits and the sudden state of mental dishabille that has overwhelmed us—but I'll leave it to the psychologists.

Whatever the reason for the spate of family portraits in ink, they have a wide and enthusiastic audience (including me). Their appeal is wide for several reasons. For one thing, they are remote. How many of us have the wildly individualistic uncles who drink wine from water-coolers and are afraid of butterflies, or a mother who can argue father out of a new umbrella by buying a coffee-pot? And at the same time there is about them the feeling that all these things happened to real people, just like us, and maybe, if we looked at our lives and kin from the right angle they would take on some of the glamour and faintly exotic charm of the undeniably fascinating people who wander through the lives of the authors.

Further, the authors see people and events as we would like to see them—affectionately, in perspective, with tolerance and good humor, not taking them too seriously nor getting their feelings tangled up much, and in this way they liberate us from the toils of everyday commonplace, from the ordinariness of three meals a day, making the beds, digging the garden, catching the right bus, and going to bed early so that we can do it all again the next day. But I suspect that the real reason we have taken these books to our hearts is the deep-seated love of gossip that lies in all of us, and the sternly suppressed longing to read other people's mail. There is a quiet satisfaction in knowing why Mr. Brown left his job so suddenly, what Henry and William said to each other about the lawnmower (they still aren't speaking), how Mr. Smith got that black eye (we never really believed that story about walking into the door), and what were the actual details of the Joneses' matrimonial fracas. Our neighbors' business is still the most intriguing topic of speculation, and the appeal to the eternally curious in us is being happily satisfied.

As for me, I'm all for it. Take Grandpappy in Oils to the attic, and let me get back to what Auntie Emma did when she discovered the lodger was lit, the neighbors' pigs had rooted up the asparagus, and the moths had gotten into Uncle Harry's best suit the night the local big-wigs were coming to dinner. I know just how she felt.



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Although supplies are still limited, now is the [illegible] architect or linoleum [illegible] in the home. [illegible]

Floors

Youth of France Discovers Life After Years of Repression

By CLAUDE ROY

Paris.

ANNE and Gilbert were eight and ten in 1935, twelve and fourteen in 1939. Today they are eighteen and twenty. Between them and me is already a whole collection of habits and customs, luxuries or needs that they can scarcely conceive and that I have known. And that is how one can measure how many doors have turned on their hinges behind us while we in France buried ourselves in the passages of the night from which we emerged with difficulty. To grow old is to have memories that one cannot share. I say it with shame, secretly: though not yet thirty, compared with Anne and Gilbert I sometimes feel old.

We were coming back from the country together the other day. Gilbert was gravely going over all the possible ways to look after the baggage:

"We could take a porter as far as the house . . . but that would be very expensive. Suppose I leave our things in the baggage room and call for them tomorrow with my bicycle and the trailer?"

I thought of that habit so simple, so familiar, that young French people cannot imagine any more—calling a taxi. We arrived after the streetcars had stopped for the night. We had to walk home in the dark along the *quais*.

In front of the Louvre, Anne exclaimed, "Isn't it wonderful? I read in the paper that some of the Louvre paintings are back and that they are going to open two or three more rooms."

"We'll go just as soon as they do," said Gilbert.

I did not dare to begin a sentence with the words: In my time. And yet . . .

The Louvre's Riches

In my time, the Louvre was an immense palace where one could wander, lose oneself, gorge oneself on pictures, colors, surprises, get mixed up as to room or corridor; discover ship-nails of precious wood while loking for Renoirs, Egyptian jewels, while dreaming of Rembrandts; where the canvasses were too numerous, too smothering, where one complained of crowding, of an excessive abundance; where one could come back in the evening because the sculpture halls were lighted; where one had inexhaustible emotions, raptures, discouragements—enough to fill the Sundays and the seven days of the weeks of a whole lifetime.

Anne and Gilbert have never seen a Rembrandt or a Poussin. They have thumbed through albums of reproductions in the Odeon Galeries—those albums which are not worn out or lost—and moreover, which always cost more than they can afford. Their time is that of closed museums, masterpieces in cellars, those masterpieces that Gilbert's brother, a Maquis in the Lot region, had guarded by his men, with machine guns, in the *chateaux* threatened by the S.S. divisions.

Anne's and Gilbert's conversations are full of obsessing discussions and confidences. They are yearning to buy things which I did not dream of being without when I was eighteen, and poor at that.

"Jacques wants to trade me his Baudelaire for my old tennis shoes. Do you think it is a good bargain?"

"I found a recording of the 'Seventh Symphony' by Bruno Walter at a secondhand shop. The last record is missing but the others are in fairly good condition . . ."

Gilbert and Anne have grown up in the years without paper, the years without books, the years of censorship and oppression, destruction and poverty. The classics were exhausted, translations (except German) banned. Gilbert would have liked to read Zola: not to be found. The same was true of Hugo, a complete set of Saint-Simon, or any other old book. Anne wanted the novels of Katherine Mansfield and these Gilbert did manage to find for her at the "black market in books", for a birthday gift.

My two friends have read at random depending on what they found, or could borrow, with great gaps, holes, longings, and great sacrifices to buy tiny little books. Books were as rare as a camping tent (textile shortage), tennis balls (no rubber), bicycles (the Germans took all the steel). They would have liked to perfect their crawl, but the swimming-pools were closed (no coal).

They would have liked to go to the stadium, but the stadium had become a military park for the occupation forces. Gilbert and Anne are not victims of the war; they suffered less than many; they are a little thin and nervous, that is all. But what treasures have escaped them, that others, before them, found it so simple to accept! And I do not speak of the travels which they fondly imagined: Italy, on fire; Greece, at war; Spain, closed; England, so near but so far . . .

Since the liberation of Paris, Gilbert and Anne go to the moving-picture clubs three times a week. In very small rooms, at the Champs-Elysées Studio, at Chemistry House, hundreds of boys and girls crowd on the steps or even sit on the floor in tight clusters, the girls in the bright colors of light blouses and little flowered skirts, the boys in shirt-sleeves, without ties, books under their arms.

The program is always long, and, like Anne and Gilbert, many of the spectators gobble up two or three of these sessions a week. For them it is a question of double mouthfuls. Just think, for five years these young people had not seen an American or Russian film! Charlie Chaplin, in "The Great Dictator", Walt Disney and Eisenstein, Griffiths and Poudoukine, and the French classics of the screen, Méliès and Max Linder, Jean Renoir (banned by the Germans) René Clair (banned).

They are devouring films with an insatiable hunger. There they can make up for the lost time, and, lacking books and pictures, works of art and travel, they can assimilate a culture for which all the instruments had been refused them. There they can force open the doors of the paradise that the Nazis thought they had locked forever, find the past again and prepare themselves for the future.

And the world that they sometimes discover on the screen, which seems to us like truth itself, the world of streets filled with automobiles, ice-cream dealers at the crossings, store windows full of merchandise, libraries filled with books, open frontiers, trains that go—this former world seems to them fabulous, imaginary, unreal.

"It's just the pictures," they say.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Canadian Early Style Previews Reveal Autumn Clothes Story

By BERNICE COFFEY

WHILE the rest of us are loafing around slapping on suntan oil and lapping up long, cool drinks, the large group of people responsible for keeping the Canadian woman well — and sometimes luxuriously — clad, is deep into the days of fall. The thought of such singular forehandedness fatigues, while it intrigues, this column. At any rate, within a week the ladies and gentlemen of the dress trade have unveiled, with much ceremonial fanfare we might add, the clothes you and you will be finding in the shops across the Dominion come Labor Day.

In Montreal the big show was staged before a luncheon audience of buyers from all over Canada, and farther. The man seated beside us came from the John Orr Company, a large and handsome department store in Johannesburg, South Africa. He had been in Switzerland, France, England, before coming to Canada, on a world-wide hunt for finery to sell the women of the other Dominion. We borrowed his gold pencil for note-taking and, even though deeply impressed by the extent of his safari to please the woman who does the shopping, didn't forget to return it. We also were impressed by the hats of the women in the audience. If you've ever wondered who wears those ultra high-style hats laden to the gunwales with fruit, flowers and other fascinating bits of flotsam and jetsam about which we fashion-writers like to prattle, now you know. And so do we.

The clothes shown were, in the main, astutely geared to the taste and social activities of the Canadian woman with, here and there, some bits of shattering chichi to show, we suspect, that the Canadian designer sometimes likes to toss aside that reliable but at times boring yardstick "Will it sell?", and design something purely for the hell of it.

One of the factors that pointed up the effectiveness of the clothes was the careful attention given to the choice of accessories for each costume. And this is a lesson that might well be taken to heart by any woman before she goes forth to do her fall shopping. This is more easily said than done under present conditions, of course. The people who are responsible for fashion shows have the facilities of the entire market from which to pick and choose. The woman who plans a carefully harmonized ensemble must prepare for the fray in several ways. First, she must have the "know-how"; second, shop early in the season before limited supplies have been swept clean by earlier birds than she; third, be armed with large supplies of patience and determination; and fourth, carry a rabbit's foot — preferably one of proved potency.

The Polonaise

Examples of clever dovetailing of accessories with costume: Black gloves lightly studded with golden nailheads which repeated the trim on a black afternoon frock . . . . . a brown crepe dress with a hip-hugging peplum made of flat tiers of satin, enormous gem-like buttons marching down the front, worn with a mink scarf and a puffed brown satin sailor with a matching button tucked in among the folds . . . . . black lattice-work yoke of another dress repeated in the upturned brim of the black felt hat . . . . . elbow-length turquoise gloves as exclamation marks against a short all-black evening dress . . . . . with a Cherbourg blue crepe dress, a small white ermine fedora, a chou of black-tipped ermine tails perched forward on the brim, teamed up with gloves cuffed with the fur plus a tiny bunch of tails.

What's new for fall? Street length cocktail and dinner dresses discreetly sparked with paillettes . . . . . side draped or harem draped skirts . . . . . short peplums, especially figure-flattering when the peplum dips down in back, as many of them do . . . . . the polonaise drape which is swathed around the hips. If you have a family album dating back to the Nineties, open it and you'll find it there . . . . . sleeves that are soft and round, quite full to the wrist, snugly fitted from wrist to elbow then ballooning out (old-timers will spot these as the Gibson Girl sleeves), or short sleeves draped at the shoulderline.

And here and there is a hint that the longer skirt is waiting to stage a comeback. One or two dresses for evening have skirts that are short at one side, then change their minds and make an abrupt dip almost to the ankles at the other side. And we hear that the more fashion-conscious woman this fall is likely to examine the government regulated hem of her skirt with an eye to letting it down a trifle. Skirt-lengths of daytime dresses worn by the Montreal models reached just below the curve of the calf.

Look Of Elegance

Quick glances: Navy and pink plaid surah taffeta afternoon dress, wide of skirt, small of waist with panniers at hips. A sequin placed smack in the center of each plaid square gave a sparkling yoke effect. We can't imagine anything lovelier for the bride who has chosen an informal wedding . . . . . An afternoon suit of Madeleine blue velveteen — a fabric we've been warned you'll do well to find anywhere this fall — the longer jacket with a cut-away line dipping into a flaring princess back, melon shaped sleeves, a circular skirt . . . . . "Elegante", a black crepe afternoon dress with a revealing deep neckline filled in with crossed-over folds of ice blue satin, a skirt caught in front in loose pleats. With it, a hat circled by a wide ruche of cartridge pleated ice blue satin . . . . . gold wool jersey, finely stitched in brown, fullness about waist and at the wide armholes giving it the tiny-waisted look, a flash of paillettes on the brown scarf tucked in at the neck.

In Montreal the emphasis was on the clothes that are for gay moods and rather formal occasions. Possibly this may be a reflection of the fact that the city is the gayest and most cosmopolitan in Canada in spite of the fact that there is a highly moral police drive on to cover up the female form divine too generously revealed on billboard posters and in store windows.

So let us look at the Toronto Fashion Industries show in Toronto —popularly dubbed "the Good"— where the citizens are so phlegmatic they can look at the poster bra-and-girdle brigade without batting an eyelash.

Here the show ran the gamut of everything from coats and dresses, to nighties and children's wear, and a pretty broad picture was to be had of what is on the cards for the next season.

The Way Of Fur

Although some cloth coats go in for tuxedo treatments of fur, you will more than likely find the fur trimming anywhere on the coat but around the neck. A beige coat with a deep yoke, high throat and full swinging skirt had sleeves of black Persian lamb. On another, grey with princess lines, the silver fox trimming went around the hem.

If we were asked to nominate our favorite from the suits seen on the runway, we should choose the concord wine striped suit, which bore all the hall-marks of splendid tailoring. The very long jacket fitted very snugly at the hips and emphasized this line by stripes that ran horizontally counter to the rest of the suit.

There was strong youth appeal in the snow white three-quarter mouton coat with wide mandarin sleeves (separate white satin sleeves inside to stop the winter breezes) . . . . . and in the two-piece dress of green velveteen scalloped around its diminutive down-curved peplum, sleeves, neck and full skirt.

For very casual wear: a lively black and red tartan slack suit of colorfast and unshrinkable wool. The slacks constructed so they won't sag where you sit, have pleats at the waistline that taper down to the ankles . . . . . black and white slacks, navy turtleneck pullover, straight-hanging paddy green reefer with slit sides. And for rainy-day smartness, a hooded raincoat of black nylon, with studded Mexican belt, and a flash of color in scarlet gloves.

A series of mishaps, among other things failure of the public address system, marred the opening night of the Toronto Fashion Industries' two evening performances. This is the first time the Toronto industry has displayed its wares on so large a scale and, no doubt, the experience gained by the sponsors will serve as a useful guide in charting the course of these affairs in the future.

Miss Byllee Lang and Miss Isabel McLaughlin, daughter of Col. and Mrs. McLaughlin of Oshawa, Ont., seen at Bermuda's Art Exhibition. Miss Lang (left) has been in Bermuda for some time, is a well-known sculptress. Miss McLaughlin, member of Executive Committee, Can. Group of Artists, was a sponsor of the show.

JOAN RIGBY

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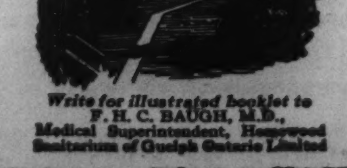

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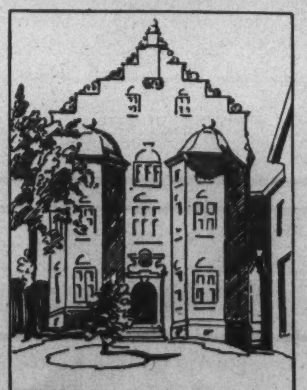

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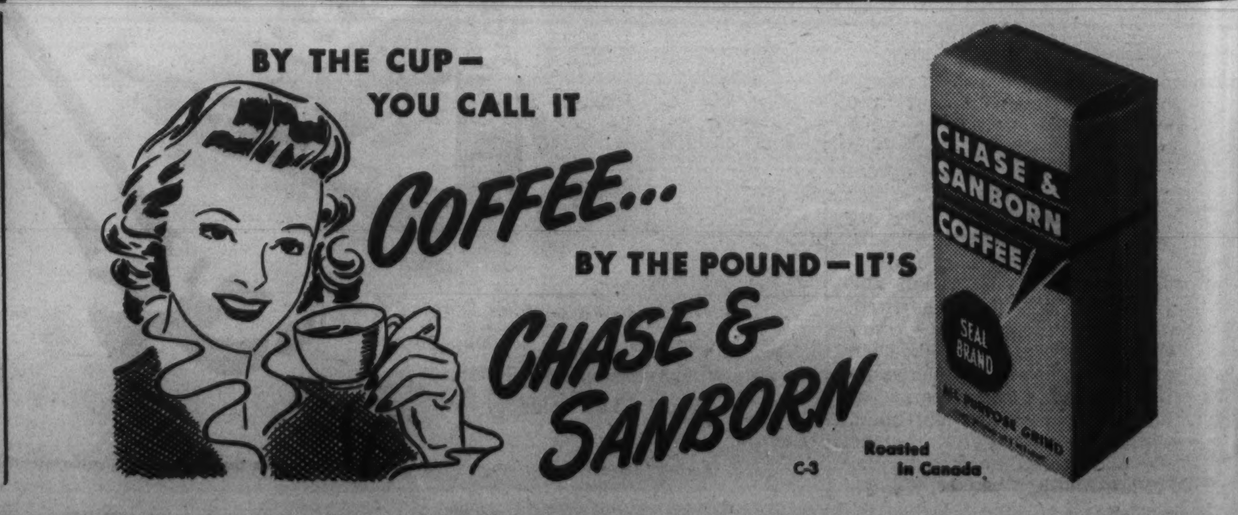

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CONCERNING FOOD

Early Summer Dividends in the Salmon and First Green Peas

By JANET MARCH

THIS is a heavenly time of year as far as food is concerned. It's true that there are a few difficulties around the house, such as the pilot light on the gas stove not working—"Well, the parts have been on order for three years now"; the shelves with their shabby oilcloth—"No oilcloth today", and the kitchen light whose chain pulls right out now and then,—"Yes, madam, that's one of the electric fixtures we find it hardest to buy". If you overlook these minor annoyances and concentrate on the spinach, new potatoes, lettuce, strawberries, salmon and green peas, you will be very finely fed. None of these foods is suitable for shipping overseas so no guilty feeling need haunt you. You can sit back like Longfellow's solid man of Boston—

> "A comfortable man, with dividends
> And the first salmon, and the first green peas."

If you are lucky enough to grow your own peas you will probably have discovered the pleasures of just sitting right down by the row and going to it. They are good cooked too, and on a warm evening it's hard to imagine a finer dinner than jellied consommé with lemon slices, Restigouche salmon, new potatoes and green peas, with strawberries to follow. The salmon is so good just now that all you need do to it is boil it gently with a little vinegar in the water, and serve it hot or cold according to the weather, with cucumber and mayonnaise, if you can come by it. In case you can't, you might try this sauce—

Cucumber Sauce

1 cup of chopped cucumber
1/3 cup of water
1 cup of water the fish cooked in
1/2 teaspoon of salt
Pepper
1 teaspoon of grated lemon rind
2 teaspoons of lemon juice
1 teaspoon of onion juice
Cayenne
2 tablespoons of fat
2 tablespoons of flour

Cook the cucumber in the third of a cup of water till it is tender; then drain. Melt the fat, stir in the flour and then add the fish water. When the sauce has thickened add the salt, lemon rind, lemon juice, onion juice and salt and pepper. Next stir in the cucumber and, just before serving, sprinkle with cayenne.

If you have a small piece of salmon left over, and some fresh pineapple, you might like to try a luncheon or supper dish made this way—

Salmon And Pineapple

5 or 6 slices of pineapple
2 cups of cooked flaked salmon
1/2 cup of the top of a milk bottle
Salt and pepper
1 cup mashed potatoes
1 egg
Milk to moisten the potatoes about 3 tablespoonfuls
1/4 cup of grated cheese

Line a baking dish with the slices of pineapple. Mix the flaked fish with the cream and season to taste with salt and pepper. Spread this over the pineapple. Mix the egg with the cup of mashed potatoes, adding enough milk to moisten, and put a topping of the mashed potatoes and egg on the fish. Sprinkle with the grated cheese and brown in the oven.

If you did not eat every last one of those green peas which were so good, you can make a very nice dish with some left-overs and some cooked salmon; or, of course, with canned peas and canned salmon, which turns up the odd time these days.

Salmon Pie

2 cups of flaked salmon
1 1/2 cups of peas
2 hard boiled eggs
1 teaspoon of lemon juice
Pepper
Salt
2 cups of white sauce

Arrange the salmon, the peas and the hard boiled eggs in layers in a baking dish, sprinkling each layer with a few drops of lemon juice, and season with salt and pepper. Pour on the white sauce and heat thoroughly in the oven.

If you can persuade your cream to whip a salmon mousse is a pretty satisfactory Sunday evening supper dish on a hot night.

Salmon Mousse

2 cups of cooked flaked salmon
1 cup of the water the fish cooked in
1 tablespoon of gelatin
1 cup of cream
1/4 cup of cold water
1/2 teaspoon of salt
Pepper

Soak the gelatin in the cold water and add 1/2 a teaspoon of salt and pepper and the fish-water heated. Let the mixture cool and then add the flaked salmon, and when it has begun to set fold in the cup of cream, whipped. Chill in a mould and serve with sliced cucumber, fresh radishes, lettuce and tomatoes.

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THE OTHER PAGE

The Man Who Came Back

By HORACE BROWN

HE CAME back.

It was like him to come back without a word, to casually pick up the telephone and say, "Hello, Horace, this is Don."

I had not known whether I would ever hear his voice again. Somehow, in the process of living, he had even become shunted into the background of mind. Our letters had not reached one another. We had ceased to write.

Now he was back.

He looked much the same after five and a half years, more fit, perhaps, and more wrinkles around the eyes, and less blonde hair. The major's uniform looked good on him. He had joined up as a private.

As we talked, casually, the way men talk when they're hiding their gladness within them, I looked back through the years and found them misty. We had been so much to each other and had done such a great deal together, and now we sat with the years ripped out of our lives, and what had passed in those years would never be known between us. We spoke of his marriage in England, and he played with my new son, but these things had happened to others and not to us.

"What's the white hash mark for, Don?" I asked making conversation.

He looked at it for a moment, standing in its long row, as though trying to remember.

"That's for being in before September 6, '40," he answered casually.

I remembered that. It was August of 1939. We sat in the Oxford Hotel in downtown Toronto, eating a last lunch. Both of us had a bit of a hangover, and more than that a sense of cutting adrift, of new voyages we would no longer share. Don had a seat on the afternoon 'plane for Ottawa. He was going to join up as a private.

"But why do that?" I asked him. "You're a lieutentant in the N.P.A.M. Your Dad's a Colonel. You could get a commission easy."

"I want to get over, fast," he answered.

I wished I was going with him. But you don't wish aloud for things you can't have. Besides, if I hadn't had a game leg I'd have wanted the Air Force, not the Army.

"You think it's really coming?" he wanted to know.

"It's *here*," I told him soberly. "This is it. You can feel it in the air."

"It's going to be tough."

We silently agreed. Don stood up.

"Say good-bye here," he said.

We shook hands, looked at each other hard. Then he was gone, tall and swinging through the other diners. I wondered whether I would ever see him again.

HERE he was. He'd come back. He was one of the lucky ones. France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, and not a mark; not a visible mark. Somewhere, back in the eyes, I caught shadows. I could see them, where nobody else could see them. He had seen things I would never see, done things I would never do, and there were ghosts between us I had never known.

I thought of how it was before he went away.

There was that long motorcycle trip we took, looking for work in '33. Four thousand miles of seeking, only to find it when we returned to Ottawa. One meal in two and a half days in New York City; sleeping in open fields and haymows; trying to sleep one terrible night standing up in an outhouse in Scotia Junction to keep at least a little warm; picking sixteen-quart baskets of blueberries for thirty-nine cents; living on plain pancakes and milkless and sugarless tea and plain beans for six weeks; not wanted anywhere by anyone.

Yet the thousands who were like Don, the boys who rode the rods and got kicked from pillar to post by a country that had no use for them, were the first to go. They were the "few" in the Battle of Britain, the "dagger aimed at the heart of Berlin." How Canada thrilled to them, these men, these boys! Canada fed them and found them shelter and gave them jobs, the jobs of killing or being killed.

Did these men, these boys think of these things? Do the pitiful few who are left think of them? Do the blind and the halt and the maimed of war cry to us that we are letting them down, even as we let their fathers down?

No, these men, these boys, loved the country that was theirs so greatly that many of them gave all they had to the land that had not given them a thing. On the altar of Canada those who did not come back laid their lives gladly, for they, who had received so little, were not mean in their return.

Yet he, my friend, came back.

He is not bitter. He thinks this country is the finest in the world. He is even grateful for the gratuities and recompenses that are his by right of venture. He is eager to shed his uniform to take advantage of the opportunities he feels are here. He thinks things will settle down, that there'll be jobs for all.

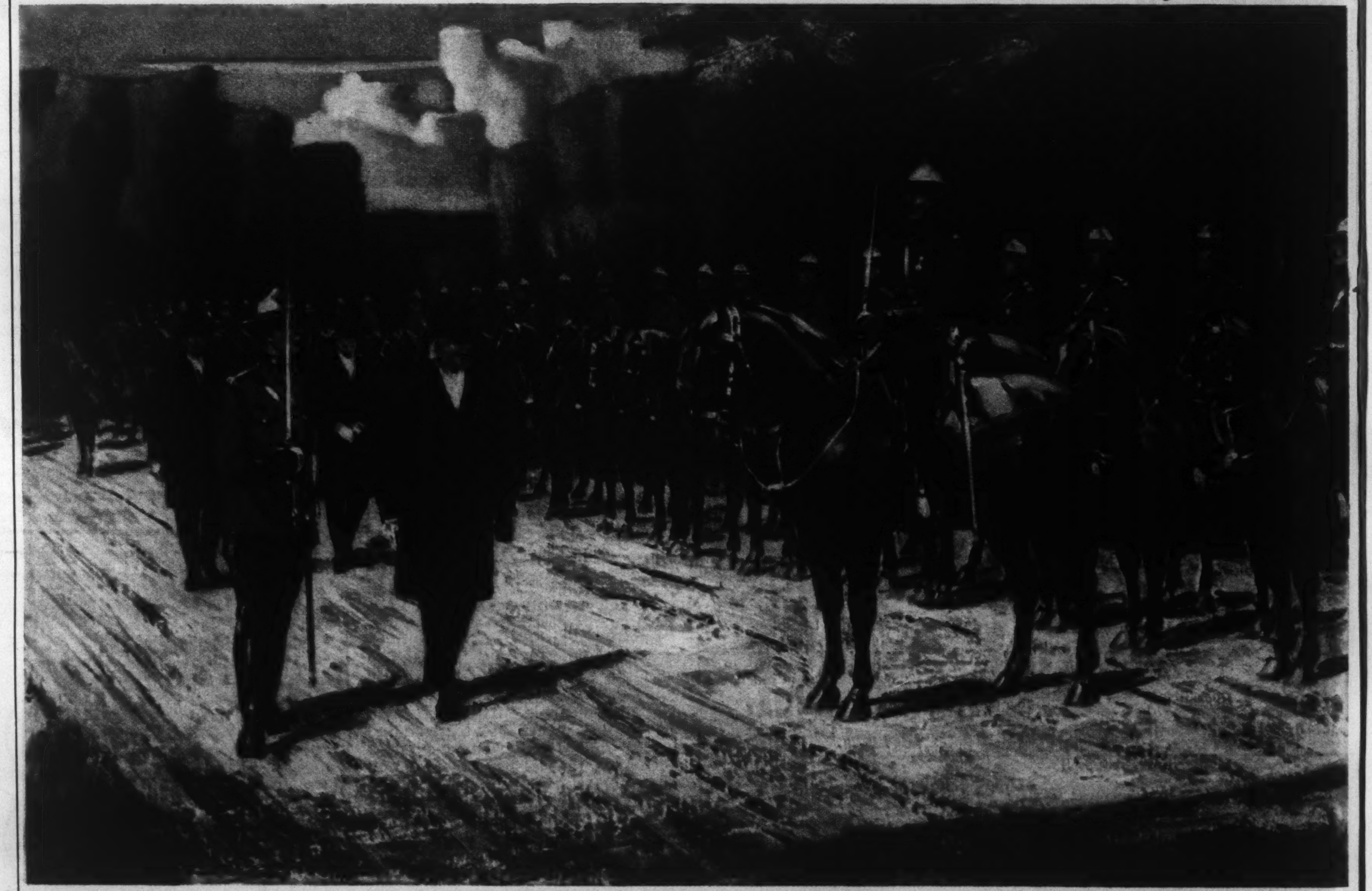
I DO NOT want to disillusion him. But I have been here through the years of war. I have seen the unbelievable extent of our deceit and greed and selfishness. I have seen how the same old mistakes are being shaped again to new forms and new conditions. I doubt that he came back to a better Canada, one more appreciative of his sacrifices than it was of those made by our fathers. Young men are tramping the streets looking for jobs today, and they are being offered starvation wages. There may come a boom, but then there will be recession, appalling in scope, unless the human animal is suddenly endowed with a longer memory than he has heretofore displayed.

It is not funny to go hungry, as Don and I went hungry in the 'thirties. But our hunger was a banquet compared to the starvation now being endured by millions in Europe and Asia. The world is a parlous place.

I looked across at my friend, as I thought these things. He smiled. Suddenly, we were young again, and there was hope.

There is hope because he came back.

CANADA UNLIMITED — The Formative Years



Review of North West Mounted Police
Coronation Contingent by Sir Wilfred Laurier in 1911
Painted by J. S. Hallam, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ The Silent Force ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

IN THE YEAR 1873, the Canadian West was a vast, little-known territory and its administration appeared to be an almost insuperable task. Uncertain communications with Eastern Canada complicated the many problems of law enforcement and control.

Faced with this almost impossible situation Prime Minister Sir John A. MacDonald displayed a vision, faith and purpose incredible even today. A small group of 300 handpicked men was formed and to it was entrusted the enormous task of bringing law and order to this unsettled tract of 300,000 square miles in accordance with his high ideals and great purpose. How this little band of men justified his faith and vision is one of the proudest records in Canadian history.

Thus was born "The Silent Force" —a gallant body of men who formed the first of Canada's famous North West Mounted Police. It was due to their courage, determination and strength of purpose Canada's great North West was made safe for settlement.

The fame of the North West Mounted Police spread throughout the world. Even their enemies knew that they could rely on the word of a "Mountie", and their operations formed a pattern of law enforcement everywhere.

In 1911, as a recognition of their service to the nation, they were chosen to represent Canada at the Coronation of George V. They were the "Silent Force", a gallant band of men whose faith and high purpose helped to lay the foundations of the Canada of today.

Today, everyone of us can help to lay the foundations of the Canada Unlimited of tomorrow. The Victory Bonds we hold are a silent force for national progress.

1846
One of a series depicting the growth of Canada as a nation, produced by O'Keefe's on the occasion of their 100th anniversary.
1946

F-282

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The Great Molasses Well

By W. B. FOSTER

THE Marigold, that strange ship that sails the Salmon River in central Nova Scotia, started upstream from Truro for her eastern terminus at Kemptown.

Powered by electric eels from the Orinoco river in South America, the ship was travelling at 11 knots, but this was possible only by cutting in the reserve tank of eels.

Behind the ship, at an elevation of 50 feet, flew Jake the albatross, mascot from the Spanish Main.

As the Marigold passed under a low railway bridge her rubber smokestacks, relics of a day when she was powered by coal, bent back almost level with the top deck, then snapped erect like a cat's ears.

A middle-aged man leaned against the starboard rail on the fourth deck. He wore a snap brim hat, pulled down well in front. His eyes were nearly hidden by dark glasses. A short brown moustache clung above a weak mouth.

Furtively he looked about, then muttered to himself: "There's still a chance, . . . if only they strike it today."

The man was gazing at Jake the albatross when a fellow passenger came up to the rail.

"Quite a bird, that," remarked the newcomer.

"Yes," agreed the other; "I like to watch him."

"Let's sit down," suggested the newcomer, a hawk-faced man with cold blue eyes. "You can call me Fred," he added. "You needn't tell me your name: I already know it."

The man with the dark glasses was shaken. "I'm sure we've never met before," he said.

"But I know you anyway," said Fred. "I knew you even before you got the dark glasses and started the moustache. The fact is I'm Inspector Keen of Kemptown Yard."

The man with the dark glasses made no reply. He rose from his chair and went to the rail.

After a few moments the inspector said: "Better come back and sit down. We're both interested in a certain matter."

The man with the dark glasses returned to his chair. "Well?" he said.

"I'VE been watching you," said Inspector Keen. "You've been on this ship every day and all day for two weeks. Whenever the ship passed that drilling outfit at East Mountain your heart was in your mouth."

"How are they doing?" asked the other.

"Now we're getting somewhere," said the inspector.

"We all know what the sugar situation is like in Canada," he went on. "Because of the shortage of sweets that drilling outfit at East Mountain is trying to locate a sugar mine. The drill has been in rock for eight months. Still no sign of sugar. Three weeks ago the disappointed shareholders laid a charge against you, which is why you skipped from your haunts in Upper Canada and came down here."

"Do you think there is such a thing as rock sugar?" asked the man with the dark glasses.

"There may be," said the inspector. "I wouldn't know; I'm a police officer, not a sugar expert. But I know this man, George McSnort, who's in charge of the drilling outfit and I think maybe he knows his business."

"What does McSnort say?"

"He says," replied the inspector, "that Nova Scotia was once a tropical country. Says he knows because he's seen pieces of coal mined thousands of feet down in the ground, and those pieces of coal show traces of plants that grow only in the tropics."

"Sugar cane grows in the tropics," observed the man with the dark glasses.

"Yes," said the inspector; "that's why George thinks there's hope. George has it doped out this way:

"The sugar cane is a perennial. Millions of years ago, along the banks of this very river, there may have been thousands and thousands of acres of sugar cane . . . stalks coming up every year ... not being harvested . . . just falling to the earth . . . more stalks growing up the next year . . . and this thing going on through countless ages. One crop of sugar piling up on another crop."

"Go on," said the man with the dark glasses.

"Well," continued the inspector, "according to George, after millions of years the land would sink under the weight of the sugar. Earth would wash in from the hills. Eventually, as the weight of the sugar and the washed-in earth caused a further sinking of the land, the sea would come in. Then there'd be a change in the earth's crust, due to some convulsion of nature, and that sunken land would rise. The sugar would be there . . . but under what kind of rock and how far down?"

"You live around here and you know McSnort and some of the drillers," said the man with the dark glasses. "What do they say? What are the prospects?"

"Not so hot," replied the inspector. "That's only my idea, but I'm no sugar man. They set the drill up on that anticline of yours and they've drilled down thousands of feet. There's no trace of sugar in the cores they bring up. George thinks that if they ever do strike rock sugar they'll find something big under it."

"What?" asked the man with the dark glasses.

"Molasses," said the inspector.

"I can't agree with George on that," he went on, "but I'll give you his theory for what it's worth. Mind you, this George is an old wildcatter and has got some great results in the oil fields but he may fall down on sugar and molasses."

"What is his theory?" asked the man with the dark glasses.

"He thinks," said the inspector, "that pressure on the canes would produce molasses. After a while the top part of the molasses pool would get dried out, forming a hard crust or rock sugar. He figures that the pressure of the molasses would bulge up the rock sugar and everything above it into an anticline."

"Supposing this McSnort does find rock sugar," suggested the man with the dark glasses, "do you think the people who are prosecuting me would let me go?"

At that moment a messenger came up to the inspector. "You're wanted on the wireless phone," said the boy.

It was George McSnort calling. "I've been talking with the big boss in Upper Canada," he said.

"Yes," said the inspector, "and what's he want?"

"He gave me blazes for not telling him about the drill going into rock sugar three days ago, but I said I wanted to make sure I had a real mine before I told anybody."

"What's he going to do about this fellow I have in tow?" asked the inspector.

"That's what I called you about," replied McSnort. "The boss says as long as we have the sugar mine we don't want that fellow at all. The charge will be withdrawn within an hour."

"Listen," said the inspector, "did you say anything to the boss about your hopes of finding molasses?"

"Sure, and he laughed at the idea. Said if I found molasses he'd give that guy you've been tailing a bonus of a thousand dollars."

THE inspector went back to the fourth deck.

"Well?" said the man with the dark glasses.

"I have no further interest in you," said the inspector.

"You mean . . . " said the other, brightening.

"Just what I said," returned the inspector.

"But tell me," he went on, "why did you represent yourself to those people in Upper Canada as a geologist? You don't know any more about geology than I do, yet you told the president of that company that you had found rock sugar in Nova Scotia—chunks of it kicking about the fields—and you staked your reputation that there was a mine under that anticline at East Mountain. The company was organized on the strength of your say-so, when as a matter of fact you had never been in Nova Scotia in your life."

"I really don't know," replied the man with the dark glasses. "The lack of sugar was on my mind all the time and one night I had the most vivid dream. I saw an anticline with millions and millions of tons of sugar under it, like a great solid pool of oil in Oklahoma. Next day I told the president of that drilling company exactly where the anticline was. I said I was a geologist and he paid me five thousand dollars."

The ship was nearing the wharf at East Mountain.

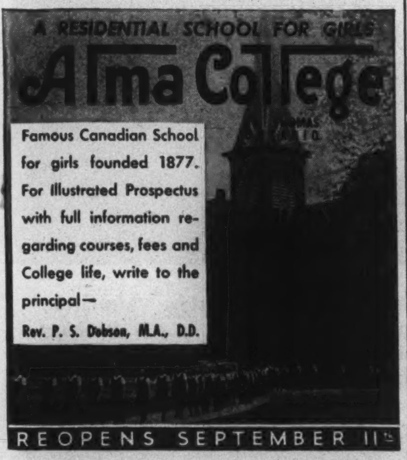
Suddenly there was a deep roar, a terrifying shake. The ship tossed and plunged.

A hundred yards back of the wharf a black torrent rose out of the earth, passed the top of the drilling outfit, and hung against the sky, big as the Eiffel tower.

"Saved!" shouted the fake geologist, rising from his chair, then collapsing on the deck, unconscious.

As he lay there the smell of molasses, borne on an east wind, drifted down the river, past Truro and out over the waters of Cobequid Bay.

The world's first molasses well had blown in.



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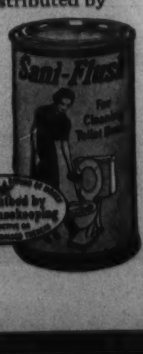

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SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 29, 1946

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Approach to Common Stock Evaluation

By W. GRANT THOMSON

In this, the third and last article in this series on Canadian stock habits, the writer explains how the investor can put such studies to practical use by checking his own opinion with the "bloodless verdict of the market-place".

Many authorities contend that it is more important to study the price movement of a company's shares than it is to study its financial statements—and much simpler.

The writer suggests it is highly important for the investor to visualize where the Averages are likely to be in the future, and then select a diversified list of stocks to suit his individual requirements.

IN THE past two weeks we have written very briefly about an approach to common stock evaluation that is not always used by investors and traders as much as it might be.

But how can a study of Stock Habits be put to practical use?

Suppose that we are interested in the merits of two stocks that we might be inclined to purchase, subject of course, to proper timing. How would a study of their habits help?

Well, to begin with, the usual approach is the orthodox one. Most investors would gather all possible statistical data from previous reports and other sources. Earnings, taxes, depreciation, inventories, surplus, fixed and other assets, future sales outlook, capital structure—all these and other subjects would be studied.

Then after they had all been perused a personal *opinion* would be necessary and that opinion would doubtless vary according as each investor applied his reasoning to the same statistics.

So, after having exhausted these statistics many shrewd investors add a study of price movement of the company's shares to the knowledge that they already have obtained.

Because, after all, few people doubt that the market eventually tells the story. It is hard to believe that any stock will eventually decline over a period if its earnings increase year after year and its financial position is unimpaired. And the reverse is just as true.

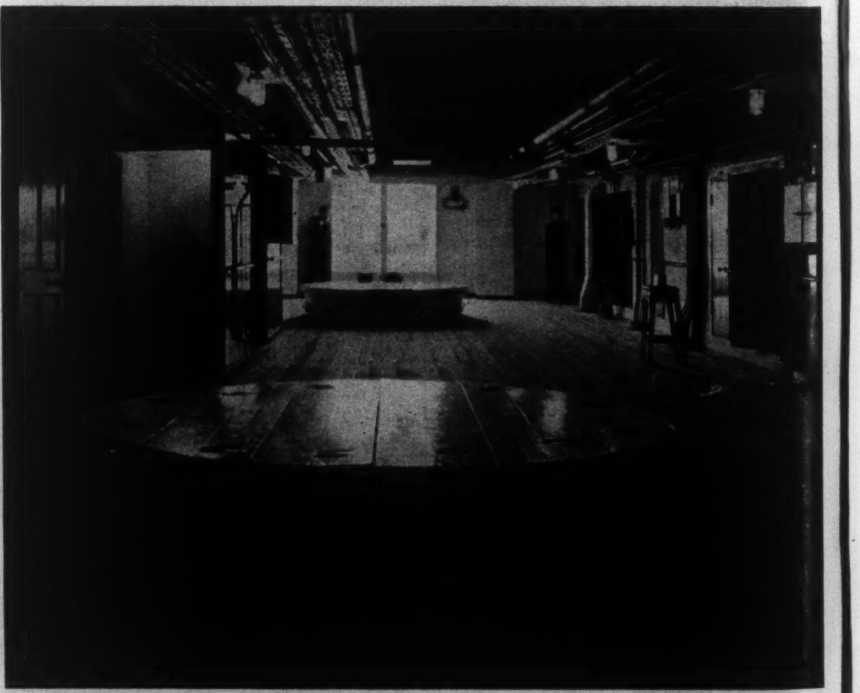
If, therefore, one believes in the "bloodless verdict of the market-place," it seems necessary to study price movements very closely. The opinions of all those who know anything about a company are reflected in the price of the company's shares sooner or later. Therefore a study of the movement of those shares in relation to the Averages and to other stocks seems valuable.

One could elaborate at considerable length the various price movements that can be studied; average relative velocity, recent velocity, ratio of advance velocity to decline velocity, relative dividend yield to average yield of all stocks, etc., etc. But we have no intention of making these articles too technical. We are simply trying to prove that even casual acquaintance with Stock Habits will prove profitable to the reader.

In order to prove our case we will have to go back a few years. It is not a simple matter to say what stock is "popular" at any one time, but a sort of Gallup Poll taken in the fall of 1939 by a financial weekly, definitely, we think, showed that International Nickel was the then current favorite to hold during the war period, but a study of its price movement at that time did not show it likely to be even in the first group of war stocks. Let us note its action for the past few years in relation to the Toronto Stock Exchange Industrial Averages. The upright lines represent the yearly range of Nickel and the super-

(*Continued on Next Page*)

Much important work awaits the new British cable ship "Monarch," world's largest cable laying and repair vessel; length is 475 ft; beam 55½ ft; gross tonnage 8,050. She is oil fired, with a speed of 14½ knots. At sea for long periods, she carries abnormal supplies of fuel and stores.



Two of the four cylindrical cable tanks, each 41 feet in diameter, which together hold 2,500 nautical miles of deep-sea submarine cable. Below, on board the vessel, a splicer and his mate repair a damaged cable.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Higher Wages But Fewer Jobs?

By P. M. RICHARDS

CANADIAN barbers want to get $1 for a hair-cut, a price that is already in force in certain areas in the United States. (Incidentally, this writer figures that for him it would mean a cutting price of a little more than one cent per hair.) The other day the proprietor of a little two-chair barbershop across the border was asked how he was doing with the new $1 price. He replied that the shop had formerly taken in around $100 a week; now it was averaging only $90. The customers were going longer between hair-cuts or some of them were getting their wives to do the cutting.

It's commonly supposed that there are two parties to a wage dispute—labor and management. Or rather three—labor, management and government. But the barbers in that two-chair shop know now, if they didn't before, that there's another interested party, the most potent of all, the real Big Boss, the consumer. If the consumer doesn't like the product or service at the price asked, he'll do without it, if he can. Management or government may grant a wage increase, but it remains for the consumer to decide whether or not he will provide employment by buying the product at the new price.

U.S. business papers report that many prospective buyers of consumer goods are holding off because of high prices. A survey of department stores in eleven key cities showed that "Many orders for goods placed on the books in the past year or more are wilting away as items become available. . . Many an order is disappearing because people no longer have the money to pay for goods at today's high prices. Long strikes have cut deeply into wartime savings."

The Spiraling Effect of Rising Costs

But present prices reflect only past increases in production costs. What will be the effect of the many newly-granted wage increases and the increases that will doubtless result from many strikes now in progress or in prospect? The *United States News* indicates that it may be big indeed. The U.S. railroad situation, it says, is to provide a clear-cut example of the spiraling effect of the rising cost of doing business. Railroads ran up large profits during the war without increasing their charges, but that was because wartime business was so huge. Freight cars almost always were filled with goods and the expense of moving empties was cut to a minimum. But now business is declining from war peaks and costs are catching up with operations.

Operating costs on U.S. railroads are due to rise from $7,000,000,000 a year to more than $7,900,000,000 as a result of recent increases in wage rates and prices. Here is how the cost situation adds up: Payrolls, as a result of the 18½ cents an hour rise in wages, are to increase by $716,000,000 a year. Coal prices, because of wage increases granted to miners, are to jump by about 35 cents a ton, which will add around $43,000,000 to railroad operating costs. The U.S. roads used 125,000,000 tons in 1945. Steel, lumber and other materials used in large quantities by railroads also have increased in price, and there are greater needs for supplies for new equipment and repairs. These added charges are expected to boost costs by another $167,000,000.

These cost factors, coupled with a smaller volume of business, and, hence, smaller revenues, point to the necessity for higher freight rates. They also demonstrate, says the *U.S. News*, how higher costs for one industry become a higher cost for another industry. Rising costs of coal mining add to operating costs of railroads, and higher operating costs, in turn, lead to still higher prices for delivered coal. The prices of steel, coal and shipping, in fact, are basic costs for most of the country's industries, and when such costs rise, the effects are felt throughout the national economy.

Rail Increases Will Hit Manufacturers

The results of coming freight-rate increases can be charted. Manufacturing costs will rise almost immediately as expenses increase for obtaining delivery on supplies. In the automobile industry, for example, higher shipping costs will be felt at every stage of the manufacturing process. The cost of bringing steel to body, engine and axle plants and other automotive suppliers will be higher. So will the cost of transporting sand and coal to glass factories. Automobile companies will have to pay more for the delivery of tires, windows, seat covers, motors and other parts to assembly plants. The food industry faces the same prospect. Charges for shipping livestock to packing plants are to be higher, and so will the cost of delivering feed to feeding stations. Wheat will cost more at the flour mill, sugar more at the refinery, and then bakers will have to pay more for delivery of flour, sugar, lard and salt.

The construction industry, dealing largely in bulk goods such as lumber, cast iron and cement, has to reckon shipping charges as a major cost item. It is going to be more expensive to ship lumber from sawmills to building sites. Builders' supplies, such as plumbing fixtures, pipe, and electrical fixtures, will feel a twofold effect from higher freight rates. The cost of delivering raw materials to factories will increase and the cost of shipping finished goods to builders will likewise be higher. And the final buyer will foot most of the bill.

In one degree or another, transportation costs affect the manufacture and distribution of almost every product. And higher shipping costs resulting from railroad wage increases are but one factor in raising the general price level. The manufacturers have their own higher wage costs. How will the consumer react to it all? If he reduces his buying, there will be fewer jobs for labor, despite the wage increases.

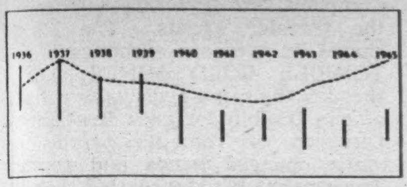
(*Continued from Page 34*)

imposed dotted line is the mean of the Averages for those years.

Even a casual glance will show that Nickel has not proven highly profitable to investors during the past eight or nine years.

INTERNATIONAL NICKEL

T.S.E. Industrial Averages superimposed.



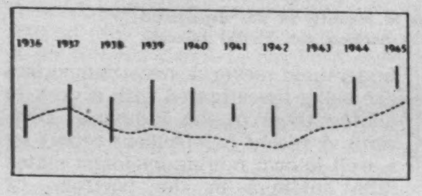
Vertical lines represent yearly range of International Nickel; dotted line the yearly trend of the Averages.

From a study of stock habits at the outbreak of war a group of 15 stocks was chosen that could normally be expected to do better than average. At the end of the war their performance, as a group, was entirely satisfactory, not only exceeding the movements of the Averages but leading by a wide margin a similar group of popular stocks referred to earlier in this article.

For the purpose of making a comparison with the relatively poor showing of International Nickel we might include a graph of one of the stocks that made a sensational advance because of war-time business—for instance, Canada Steamship Preferred. It was not a "popular" stock in 1939, being considered highly speculative, yet a study of its velocity seemed to show that good things were in store for those who held it.

For comparison, however, we should prefer a stock such as Building Products which was highly rated by those who studied stock habits in 1939. It certainly could not be considered a war stock, yet its record marketwise has since been everything that could be desired by those who noted that its relative velocity was predicting good things in store for its shareholders. It is a good example of a Growth Stock—those satisfactory investments for long-term holding, with which these articles have little time or space available.

BUILDING PRODUCTS



In the first of this series we stated that successful investment depends on the correct answer to two questions—(1) What to buy, and (2) when to buy. No study of stock habits will answer the second question. Readers of SATURDAY NIGHT are fortunate in having a perspective of the market produced for them by "Haruspex" each week, with expert comment as to the timing of purchases and sales. Our only comment regarding timing and trends is to refer to a little competition the writer originated among a group of friends not long ago. Each member of the group was asked to write down the figure he expected the Averages would be three months from that date, and to put his guess in a sealed envelope. We will not embarrass any of those who might happen to read this article by referring to the results.

But the point we wish to make is that the investor should decide where the Averages are likely to be in the future, when he considers making a purchase of any stock, because a study of stock habits will enable him to obtain a reasonably accurate picture of where most stocks will sell *in relation to the Averages*. It is not likely that any student of relative velocity figures will be found buying, as an investment, a stock of high average velocity, because he will know that in any decline of the Averages his stock will show a corresponding high sell-off. And, on the other hand, it is useless for a trader who anticipates getting a large profit through appreciation, to buy a stock of low average velocity.

There are many other uses made of such studies by shrewd investors, but they cannot be covered in these short articles. As the manager of one very large Canadian investment account stated recently, "After we have formed our *opinion* of any stock, we then check that opinion with the *facts* as found by a comparison of its habits with the Averages". Perhaps smaller investors may also find it to their advantage to do so; in any case, it will probably open up investment vistas heretofore unknown.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Seek Incentive in Tax Relief to Assist Mining Expansion

By JOHN M. GRANT

LOOKING to the future of mining—an industry which has always had an outstanding role in the Dominion's economy—it is agreed that everything possible should be done to encourage and speed up prospecting and development to permit new mines being discovered and brought into production. The encouraging of prospecting, however, is largely useless with the present exacting Federal legislation upon the financing of mining development. A revision of mining taxation measures is badly needed to provide greater inducements than now prevail to get private enterprise to engage in the risks associated with mining. Mining men generally are hopeful that the main recommendations of the Senate committee on Natural Resources will be implemented in the forthcoming budget. The concessions suggested by the committee follow the study of statements by many interested bodies and in addition to proposing revision of taxes, advances expansion of geological surveys and aerial mapping by the Department of Mines.

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The proposed tax revisions are designed to give special encouragement to new mines and to extend to producing mines a depletion allowance of 50% now available to new mines. It was recommended that the previous exemption enjoyed by new mines up to December, 1942, be re-enacted so that when they come into production they shall be exempt from corporation income tax for the first three years and then a 50% rate for the next two years. It favored a depletion allowance of 50% for exhaustion of the mine instead of the present 33⅓% and suggests continuation of exemption for a six month tuning-up period. Depreciation should not be required to be charged during the three-year period of exemption at a greater amount than the annual earnings of the company, the committee states, and it also recommended that minting charges for handling of gold by the Royal Mint be reduced to actual cost.

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Gold mining during the war years was subjected to many strains and stresses and in a general review of conditions, the Senate committee report, tabled in the Upper House last week, pointed out that changing conditions had faced gold mining with a serious situation. Both producing mines and new mines are faced with a definite shortening of their mining life through such a burden of increased costs and taxes, which makes unprofitable the mining of marginal ore, the committee reported. It stressed that higher costs for supplies, equipment and labor threatened soon to exhaust the narrow margin of average cost and that it was becoming increasingly unprofitable to mine low grade ores. "In these circumstances the picture for the gold mining industry at this time is not a happy one," the report said and went on to point out that while many properties were moving toward the position of productive mines, the substantial increases in costs, including taxes, made the task of getting them into actual production very difficult.

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Ore reserves at Pickle Crow Gold Mines were increased by 40,000 tons to 695,095 in 1945 despite a continued unfavorable labor situation which curtailed tonnage treated and development work. These ore reserves include only the ore blocked out by drifting and raising and are sufficient for nearly four years milling at the normal rate of 480 tons per day. Net profit of 10.14 cents per share compared with 15.56 for the previous year. Net working capital shows an increase of approximately $500,000 at $1,061,585. J. E. Hammell, president, points out in the report that the decision to reduce dividend distribution during the war years has been justified by the improved financial position, which will insure ample funds to cover the cost of development required to bring the property back to the normal state of good mining practice.

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The belief that some form of gold standard must be generally adopted if the world is to be saved from dangerous inflation on the one hand, or complete economic regimentation on the other, was expressed by J. P. Bickell, president, at the annual meeting of McIntyre Porcupine Mines, and he suggested that such a

(*Continued on Page 39*)

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

G. H. D., Port Dover, Ont.—Yes, common shareholders of GREAT LAKES PAPER CO. approved the plan to eliminate preferred arrears and revise dividend provisions on the "A" and "B" preference shares. All classes of shareholders have now approved the arrangement. "We can reasonably anticipate dividends on the common in the not too distant future," Earle Rowe, president, stated. He intimated that there will be earnings on the common shares this year, but would not suggest what amount might be paid in the form of dividends.

R. G. S. A., Vancouver, B.C.—VINCENT MINING CORPORATION has the managing-control of 23 incorporated mining companies and five industrial operations. Three of the industrial companies are in production, while the other two are scheduled for early production. In addition to carrying out an extensive prospecting and mining development program the company is devoting considerable attention to the expansion of the industrial division. During 1945 seven mining and three industrial companies were incorporated and present holdings are in the proportion of approximately 75% mining, 25% industrial. The company has an interest in mining claims totalling 43,986 acres on which 131,195 feet of diamond drilling has been done. Six properties are being drilled at the present time. A debenture issue of $750,000 was created and sold and the funds received are being used to take up stock options, acquire new properties, obtain interests in properties controlled by other development companies and to provide working capital for "special situations" in the industrial field. I understand several new enterprises are being investigated with a view to adding them to the Industrial Division. A recent independent report by a well known mining geologist states "the holdings in the portfolio of Vincent Mining Corporation in every case involve properties possessing geological merit and important mineral possibilities amply justifying exploratory work performed in the past, currently underway, or contemplated."

C. R. S., Quebec, Que.—SECOND STANDARD ROYALTIES LTD., consolidated with STANDARD ROYALTIES OF CANADA INC., report a net profit of $7,290, equal to 29 cents per share, on 2,503,503 12 per cent preferred shares, compared with $10,181, or 31 cents per share, for the previous year. Current assets are shown as $10,415, current liabilities $3,060, and net working capital $7,355. In 1944, current assets were $20,687, current liabilities $4,076 and net working capital $16,611. Preferred dividend arrears amounted to $4,360,034, compared with $3,755,255 at the end of the previous year. The estimated recoverable amount of oil on producing properties was 102,736 barrels at the end of the year.

T. E., St. Catharines, Ont.—APEX MINES, as far as I am aware, has passed out of existence. CARIBOO-CORONADA GOLD MINES went into liquidation some years ago with Canadian Credit Men's Trust Association, West Hastings Street, Vancouver, as trustee. Administration of the company's affairs by the trustee terminated late in 1939. HUDSON-PATRICIA GOLD MINES went into bankruptcy in 1937 with around $80,000 debts outstanding. The assets have since been purchased from the trustee, subject to a property mortgage. It is planned to form a new company when conditions are favorable in which Hudson-Patricia shareholders may be offered rights. LONG LAC LAGOON GOLD MINES shares are exchangeable for ELMOS GOLD MINES, on the basis of one new for four old, with Trusts and Guarantee Company, 302 Bay Street, Toronto, the transfer agents. The Elmos shares, in turn are exchangeable to TOMBILL GOLD MINES shares, through the same agency, on a basis of one Tombill for each five Elmos. Direction of Tombill's affairs recently changed hands and further development is planned this year.

A. G. B., St. Catharines, Ont.—Shares of CAMPBELL RED LAKE offer speculative appeal, possibilities of opening substantial tonnages of ore having been indicated on the property, under option to Dome Exploration Company, wholly-owned subsidiary of Dome Mines. At Dome's annual meeting, the company's general exploration manager remarked that the property appeared to be a good one and that exploration for mine-making chances are going ahead vigorously. A 700-foot shaft is proposed and plant and equipment has been ordered. Diamond drilling has disclosed interesting intersections over an area approximately 900 feet wide and 1,200 feet long. In detail, most of the intersections are confined to two

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Accumulate Stocks

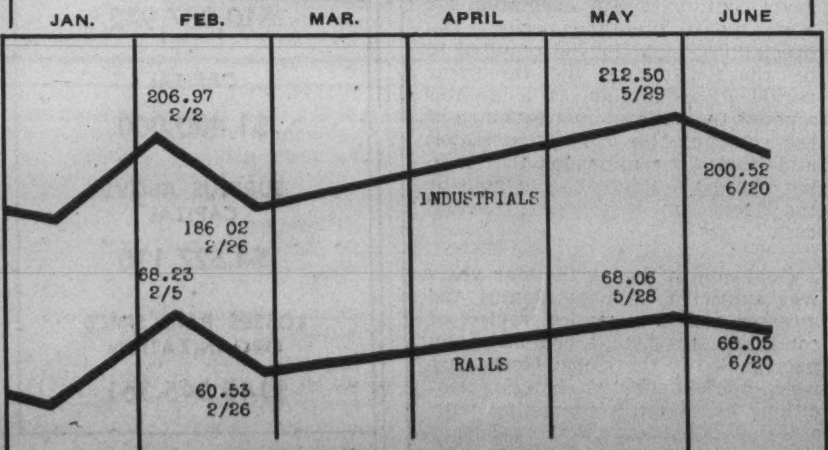
By HARUSPEX

The ONE TO TWO-YEAR NEW YORK MARKET TREND: With reconversion expected to be well completed by mid-year, the one to two-year market trend, while subject to occasional intermediate interruption, such as that witnessed in February, is regarded as forward, and the SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as upward from the February low points of 186.02 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 60.53 on the rail average.

From late March to late May—a period of some two months—the stock market moved in a narrow trading range. This range, or line formation, was eventually broken on the upside, suggesting that the period represented one of stock accumulation rather than of distribution. If such implication was correct—and nothing in the action of the averages has since developed to deny it—then, in due course, substantially higher prices for stocks should be witnessed. In process of moving out of the line on the upside, however, the industrial average advanced from 200.65 to 212.50; the rail average, from 63.06 to 68.21. A normal 1/3 to 2/3 cancellation of such advance would carry the industrial average, as pointed out in our Forecast of June 15 to the 209-205 area; the rail average to the 66-64 area.

Reactionary trend since the late May highs has been more evident in the industrial average than the rails, the industrials having moved to around 200. There has been nothing in the technical picture to date, however, to indicate that the price recession represents other than the retracement under discussion. Even a movement below 200 for the industrials, 64 for the rails, if coming immediately, would hold no significance unless a joint close in both averages were registered at or under 199.64 and 62.05. In that event, the bullish implications of the line formation mentioned in the first paragraph would be wiped out and testing of the February low points would be in order. Based upon volume decline that has characterized the recent reactionary movement the odds would seem against such development. We would use current weakness for accumulation of selected stocks.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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zones about 500 feet apart. The work to date has shown sufficient intersections of good ore grade to warrant their being further explored by underground operations.

H. C. F., Sarnia, Ont.—The annual report of MONTREAL DRY DOCKS LTD., issued with the report of the parent company, Canadian Vickers Ltd., showed a net operating profit of $166,266, before depreciation, bond interest, management fee to Vickers, taxes and director's fees. After adding profit of $358 (net) on redemption of bonds, there was a net profit of $17,377. Previous deficit was brought forward at $355,796, after adjustments. Applying the year's net profit against the deficit, it was reduced to $388,419. The balance sheet showed total assets of $1,347,414, of which current assets amounted to $560,142. Current liabilities are shown at $769,061, including bank loan of $94,820, and a loan due Canadian Vickers of $507,608. Bonds, to be redeemed, are shown at $452,500.

E. R. G., Trail, B.C.—Exploration of its large property in Louvicourt township, Quebec, by diamond drilling is continuing at VICOUR GOLD MINES, with finances being provided by a strong group of mining companies. It was reported earlier in the year that a hole cut a short section of 1.5% copper. In previous work a shaft was sunk to 500 feet and three levels established. It is estimated over 500,000 tons of ore have been developed, sufficient for operation of a 300-ton mill for approximately three years and work to date has been confined to only a few of the large block of claims held. The grade of the estimated reserves is $4.90 (gold at $35 an ounce) and the late J. P. Norrie, consulting engineer, expressed the opinion the grade could be raised to $7 by hand sorting. The chances of extending the ore to depth and in the area unexplored laterally were considered excellent by Mr. Norrie.

K.W.T., Quebec, Que.—In the final three months of 1945 CENTRAL PATRICIA GOLD MINES had its best quarter since the early part of 1944, substantial increases in tonnage of ore treated and in value of recovery being shown. With more mine labor available the mill is averaging 275 tons daily as against 240 in the first nine months of last year, and the early objective is 300 tons. The internal shaft is to be deepened 800 feet and five more levels established. Earnings this year should be better but it will likely be 1947 before the full benefit of normal performance is apparent.

The Stock Appraiser

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things: (1) What to buy (or sell) and (2) When to buy (or sell). This weekly service by SATURDAY NIGHT—a study of Canadian stock habits—is intended to provide answers to the first question. (The Business and Market Forecast, by "Haruspex," deals with the second.)

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK APPRAISER divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages:—GROUP "A," Investment Stocks; GROUP "B," Speculative Investments, and GROUP "C," the Speculations.

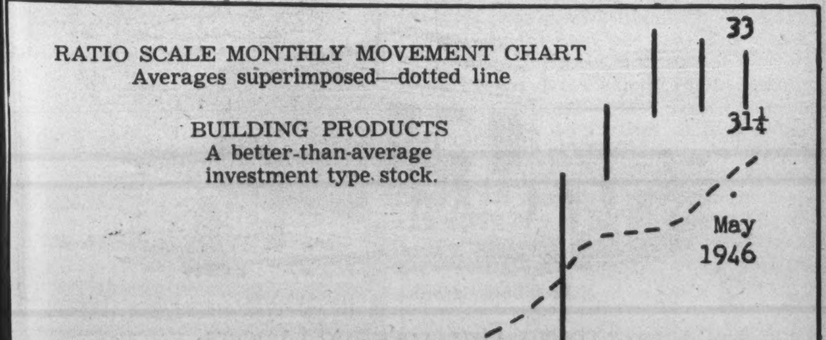
The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:—FAVORABLE, NEUTRAL or UNATTRACTIVE. A stock rated Favorable or Neutral-Plus has considerably more attraction than those with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks with favorable ratings, with due regard to timing, because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The investment Index is the yield of any stock expressed as a percentage of the average yield of all stocks, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

BUILDING PRODUCTS, LTD.

PRICE 31 May 46 — $32.50
YIELD — 3.0%
INVESTMENT INDEX — 120
GROUP — "A"
FACTORS Neutral-Plus

	AVERAGES.	BLDG. PROD.
Last 12 months	Up 42.3%	Up 53.0%
Last 1 month	Up 3.0%	Unch.
1946 low—1946 high	Up 160.0%	Up 205.3%



SUMMARY—Building Products has been rated among the attractive stocks since before the war. There are several features about this stock that appeal to the conservative type of investor. In the first place it is in GROUP "A," the Investment type of common stock; in the second place it has slightly exceeded the movement of the Averages during the current four year old bull market; and in the third place it has shown excellent resistance on declines in the Averages.

Building Products is a stock in which Life Insurance Companies may invest. It is rated Neutral-Plus (somewhat better-than-average) and gives every indication of being a satisfactory stock to hold during the term of the current bull market.

Retail Merchandising Marches On

Thirty years ago there were very few large departmental or chain stores. Today, prosperous companies in this field of business are as numerous as the cities in which they operate—and they form an important influence on the shopping habits of the consumer.

Despite very real shortages in some classes of consumer goods, sales of merchandise in the great department and chain stores are now showing an expansion beyond all previous experience. Moreover, their modern merchandising methods, advertising and display practices are more efficient than ever—features which should continue to obtain for them a profitable share of the consumers' buying power in periods of less active demand.

In this connection we draw your attention to A. J. Freiman, Limited, which owns and operates the largest department store in Ottawa. The recent issue of this company's 4½% Cumulative Redeemable Sinking Fund Preferred Stock commends itself to investors who wish to put their money to work at an attractive rate of interest.

As principals, we offer:

A. J. Freiman, Limited
4½% Cumulative Redeemable Sinking Fund
Preferred Shares

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to yield 4.43%

Annual dividend requirements of $40,500 on these shares have been earned on an average of over 2.57 times for the past nine years.

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John Morgan Gray, newly-appointed General Manager of The Macmillan Company of Canada Pub. House. For four years service overseas with the Intelligence Service, he received the M.B.E. Before the war, he was manager of School Book Dept.

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PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that Regular Quarterly Dividend of 1¾% on Preferred Stock has been declared by PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED, payable July 2nd, 1946 to shareholders of record at close of business June 15th, 1946.

(Signed) W. S. BARBER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
DIVIDEND No. 238

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF TWENTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July, 1946, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after THURSDAY, the FIRST day of AUGUST next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 29th June, 1946. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board,
S. M. WEDD,
General Manager.
Toronto, 7th June, 1946.

PENMANS LIMITED
DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of July, 1946.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of August to Shareholders of record of the 2nd day of July, 1946.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of August to Shareholders of record of the 15th day of July, 1946.

By Order of the Board,

Montreal. C. B. ROBINSON,
June 20, 1946. Secretary-Treasurer.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Death Grant for Funeral Expenses Under British Government Plan

By GEORGE GILBERT

Although the inclusion of a Death Grant for funeral expenses up to £20 in the British Government's National Insurance Scheme will cost the State, that is, the general taxpayers, £150,000,000 to meet the difference between contributions and the outlay for this benefit during the transitional period;

And although there are now 105,000,000 industrial life insurance policies in force in the country, taken out mostly to provide for such expenses, the Government is also entering this field, claiming that the State can provide a better and cheaper service than anyone else.

ONE of the provisions in the all-inclusive National Insurance Scheme of the British Government which has been the subject of considerable discussion in insurance circles and in Parliament is that contained in Clause 22, which provides for a Death Grant, ranging from £6 in the case of the death of a person under the age of 3, £10 if the person is between the ages of 3 and 6, £15 if between the ages of 6 and 18, to £20 if the person is over the age of 18.

A person is entitled to this Death Grant if he has reasonably incurred or reasonably intends to incur certain expenses in connection with the deceased's death. This applies to any expenses of the person in respect to the funeral of the deceased or his attendance thereat, or the attendance thereat of other persons, or the purchase of mourning. The expression "funeral" includes any memorial service or similar observance, and "expenses" include any loss of remuneration time due to the attendance.

Not more than one person is entitled to the Death Grant in respect to the same death, and except where the regulations otherwise provide the Death Grant is not payable in the case of a death occurring outside Great Britain. When this provision was discussed in the British House of Commons recently, it was explained in answer to a question that the expression "funeral" was intended to include cremation.

Death Outside Britain

With regard to the provision that there would be no payment of a Death Grant if the death occurred outside Great Britain, it was explained that there was power by regulation to make exceptions. Such exceptions would apply in the case of an airman or seaman who met death as a result of an accident in the air or on the sea, and also in the case of a person who went abroad for a holiday, or a person who worked abroad and whose insurance arose in Great Britain. But persons permanently resident abroad whose deaths occurred abroad would generally be excluded.

It was pointed out by a Member, Mr. Molson, that the Death Grant would place a very heavy burden upon the Exchequer (the general taxpayers) in order to include those people who at the time of coming into force of the Act would not have made the contributions which they would have made if they had been insured from the time they entered industry at the age of 16. The estimated actuarial cost of including within the terms of the benefit people who had not paid the contributions amounted to £150,000,000.

It was also pointed out by this Member that there were 105,000,000 industrial life insurance policies in force, which showed that the older generations of the community, at a time when the State was not providing a Death Grant, did insure against the contingency themselves. He said that a reduction in the amount of the Death Grant would be proposed as an amendment, partly for the purpose of economy and partly to ensure that this State-provided Death Grant did not encourage extravagance on funerals and that an amendment would also be proposed, designed to ensure a funeral service at reasonable cost.

Average Funeral Cost

In this connection he said that the London County Council, before the war, was able to provide funerals, which had no mark of pauperism about them, for £7 10s. The average cost of a funeral for adults in London, he added, was £15. He had no doubt that excessive and undue profits were being made in the provision of funerals, especially for the poorer classes of the community.

With respect to the insurance of the life of another under industrial insurance policies, he said that the sole justification for it was that it was the only way in which the poor could assure their relatives against the danger of a pauper funeral, and that under the Death Grant provision of the present measure that danger would not exist in the future. He added that he had never been very anxious that facilities should be afforded people to insure the lives of their relatives, and that they should be able in this way to cover in advance to any great extent expenditures which they might desire to incur when the death occurred.

However, he pointed out, the authoritative Cohen Commission, which went into the matter very thoroughly some years ago, came to a different conclusion and stated that they were satisfied that there was a widespread and general demand that close relatives should be able to insure up to a modest sum for all such expenses as travelling, visiting the sick person or attending his funeral, the cost of mourning, the reasonable cost of refreshment and things of that sort.

Another Member, Mr. Beechman, thought it socially desirable that there should be provision of this kind. In the past, he said, this provision had not been made by the State, except in the case of one experiment by Mr. Gladstone which was not a success, and the gap had been well filled by the insurance companies. Under the 1923 Act various relatives were empowered to insure the lives of one another. He did not share the view that there was something indecent in making such provision. Death must be faced with dignity, he said, and the death of a relative might obviously be something of the utmost importance in a family.

Query on Other Policies

He wanted to know if when the measure became law it would still be possible for other people, apart from the one person designated by the Bill, to make provision of this kind in the event of the death of a relative. He suggested that there should be provision for insurance of, say £15, or any other sum that might seem fit to the Minister. He was sure that everybody concerned, including the insurance companies, would agree that policies of this nature should be valid except in cases where fraud could be proven.

In replying to the questions raised, Mr. Griffiths said that as to the payment of the Death Grant the authorities intended to satisfy themselves that a claimant was entitled to the grant. Having satisfied themselves that a person was entitled to the grant, they would pay that person the full amount without any deductions. However, when a claim was made by a local authority or a charitable institution which had undertaken the burial, they would meet the claim as decided, subject to the maximum of £20.

He also pointed out that at present for every man, woman and child in the country 2½ policies per head had been entered into with the desire very largely that when there was a funeral people should be in a position to show their respect in a fitting manner. He had no doubt at all that this was a field into which the State ought to enter, as undoubtedly far too large a proportion of the money paid by poor people to cover the cost of a decent funeral, getting mourning clothes and so forth went in administration expenses and profits.

Under this measure, at a cost of 3d. a week, if the father was at work, provision was made, he said, for a full grant to his wife if he died, to him if his wife died, and to both if any of their children died. He agreed that there was an obligation to see that the Death Grant was not wasted on inflating the price of funerals, and that the cost of funerals needed investigating.

Existing insurance policies would not be affected in the slightest degree when the present measure came into effect, he said, but what was at issue was the position in relation to industrial insurance, and separate legislation would be necessary to clarify that position. If at all possible, such legislation ought to be brought before the House and put on the Statute Book, he said, by the time the present measure began to operate.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I have been asked to find out what happened to a company called the Western Empire Life Insurance Co. which had its head office in Winnipeg, I understand, and which disappeared from the scene a few years ago. Any information as to the fate of the policy-holders and shareholders of this company which you can furnish will be appreciated. I believe this concern operated under a Provincial license and did not come under the supervision of the Dominion Insurance Department.

—K.S.A., Calgary, Alta.

Until its unsuccessful career came to a close in 1940, the Western Empire Life Insurance Co. carried on business under Provincial charter and license, with head office at Winnipeg. Under an agreement in 1940, the Great-West Life Assurance Co., in

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46-4

cooperation with thirteen other Canadian life companies, took over its business, and, besides undertaking to discharge all obligations arising out of its insurance and annuity contracts, it was also provided, it is understood, that the persons recorded as shareholders of the Western Empire Life as of October 12, 1938, or their heirs, executors, administrators, successors or assignees, as the case might be, could turn in their certificates of stock for participation certificates issued by the Great-West Life. Accounts of the Western Empire business were to be kept separately, and it was provided that if the operations of the business over the succeeding ten years resulted in a surplus after taking care of policyholders' interests, a return of all or part of the capital paid into the company was to be made to the holders of these participation certificates. Western Empire Life shareholders were to be relieved of all further liability.

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page* 35)

standard will be adopted earlier than most people now anticipate. Mr. Bickell stated if international trade is to continue upon a practical basis, a common denominator as to value must be accepted, and by the process of elimination, gold and gold only survives. For the first time in some years McIntyre, Mr. Bickell said, was able to report some improvement in operating conditions. The underground force is back to about 80% of normal but, of course, there has not been a corresponding increase in the milling rate. After some five years of curtailed and restricted development work there is a vast amount of preparation, and later underground work, required to get ore development in balance with production.

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Diversified Mining Interests (Canada) Ltd., owning 13 properties in Quebec, Ontario and Yellowknife, and holding options on three properties in Clermont township, Quebec, is ordering a sinking plant for shipment to Indin Lake to explore underground gold deposits indicated by drilling on the Arseno group. A spectacular showing of gold was discovered on the Arseno-Ra group at Indin Lake over the break-up and samples received in Toronto have attracted much attention. The new final was 150 feet west of the main showing where drilling was done in 1945 and 1946. The new discovery was cut in three drill holes and the only assay received at time of writing was $40.40 across three feet. In addition to plans for shaft sinking the company intends to broaden exploration and development activities in the Indin Lake section this year. Work at present is being concentrated in three areas, Indin Lake, Yellowknife district; Clermont township, Quebec, and Marriott township, Ontario. An interesting occurrence of copper-molybdenite was recently discovered in Clermont township, east of Normetal, and diamond drilling is planned on this deposit in the near future.

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A substantial reduction in ore milled, together with an average lower grade, attributable to the extremely acute labor shortage at McKenzie Red Lake Gold Mines resulted in a net operating loss for 1945 of $11,691, as compared with a net profit of $117,718 for the previous year. A decline of $59,035 shown in net current assets was represented by cost of new shaft and capital expenditures in connection with additions to machinery and equipment. The footage of new ore developed during the year amounted to 1,415 feet, more than sufficient to maintain the ore reserve position of the mine.

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After completing three holes drilling at Biroco Kirkland Mines, located immediately west of the Upper Canada and Queenston properties, was discontinued in February, 1946, as the cost per foot was excessive due to heavy charges for sinking through overburden and casing holes through soft rock. It is planned to do further drilling when a contract can be arranged with a firm which has developed special methods for drilling through deep overburden. Low values were obtained over considerable lengths of core, with the highest being 0.07 oz. and 0.05 oz.

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Net profit of Sylvanite Gold Mines for 1945 was 9.3 cents per share as against 11.88 cents in the previous 12 months. Tons milled were 114,227 as compared with 137,822 and production declined from $1,722,241 to $1,452,359. Net working capital was lower at $979,563. A decline of 3,483 tons was shown in broken ore reserves which stood at 53,533 tons. The search for new properties continues and the company now has 17 groups, either staked or under option. No discoveries of importance were made last year.

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Shortage of labor caused a decline in both tonnage and production at Delnite Mines in 1945 and a net loss of $235,983 was shown, including depreciation and other write-offs, compared with net loss of $109,891 in the preceding year. W. V. Moot, president expects the mill will be back to capacity of 500 tons by the end of the year and looks for profits for the full year. Broken ore reserves at year end were 38,055 tons, grading $6.24 per ton. The main shaft was deepened to 2,875 feet. Fairly strong veins were encountered in the main ore zone on the 2,375 and 2,500-foot levels and this area is considered to have considerable promise as a producer of ore.

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Young-Shannon Gold Mines is continuing diamond drilling on what is known as the Jerome gold belt thereby completing extensive assessment work on their recently acquired group, according to Cyril T. Young, president. When this work is completed across which group the sulphide and porphyry zone is being traced and tested yielding values it will be patented, resulting in a solid block along the ore zone one mile wide by three miles long. Deeper drilling is planned shortly for one of the sections yielding high values where the No. 2 shaft is located.

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Company Reports

Commercial Life

SINCE transference of the head office from Edmonton to Toronto, the progress of the Commercial Life Assurance Company of Canada has been considerably accelerated. Its business in force shows an increase of 43.64 per cent, its premium income an increase of 56.92 per cent, its total income an increase of 52.10 per cent, and its assets an increase of 46.67 per cent. At the end of 1945 the business in force amounted to $16,629,363, as compared with $15,003,305 at the end of 1944 and $11,576,903 at the end of 1941. The premium income in 1945 amounted to $512,561, as compared with $424,790 in 1944 and $326,391 in 1941. The total income in 1945 was $761,519, as compared with $653,870 in 1944 and $500,663 in 1941. The total assets at the end of 1945 were $4,053,813, as compared with $3,439,148 at end of 1944 and $2,763,809 at the end of 1941. The company has announced that it contemplates opening many more offices in Ontario and in Alberta, the only two Provinces in which it is represented at present.

Northern Assurance

STEADY growth in business and financial strength is recorded in the 110th annual report of the Northern Assurance Company Limited, with head office at London, Eng., and Canadian head office at Montreal. Established in 1836, it has been doing business in this country under Dominion license since 1867. Its consolidated balance sheet, which includes the figures of its affiliated companies, shows total assets at the end of 1945 of $170,947,820, as compared with $163,454,694 at the end of the previous year. Its total liabilities except capital amounted to $148,279,961, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of $22,667,859, apart from life funds, as compared with a surplus of $21,712,181 at the end of 1944. Additional security is furnished by the uncalled capital of $18,074,745. At the end of 1945 its reserves for unearned premiums—fire—were $7,362,262, as compared with $6,895,446 at the end of 1944; and its reserves for unearned premiums—casualty—were $4,812,640, as compared with $4,082,106 at the end of 1944. The affiliated companies of the Northern in Canada are: London & Scottish Assurance Corp'n Ltd., London; Scottish Metropolitan Assurance Co. Ltd., London; The Royal Scottish Assurance Co. Ltd., Glasgow; and World Marine & General Insurance Co. Ltd., London.

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British Drive Held Up by Misplaced Labor

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The present widespread assertion in Britain that productivity per man-hour is falling appears to be based on the experiences of certain isolated industries, says Mr. Layton, and closer inspection indicates that it is not so much a chronic shortage of labor which is holding back production, but a misplaced and uneven distribution of manpower.

London.

IN A recent speech on inflation Sir John Anderson, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, remarked that every proposition put up by the Government should be judged by one criterion: its effect on the productivity of labor.

A leading textile company chairman, Mr. Joseph Heaton, elaborating on the experience of the cotton industry in his area, pointed out that in 6½ years the average full staff wage had risen by 93 per cent, while the cost of living index (which, however, is subsidized and, therefore, not strictly comparable), had risen by only 31 per cent; and that, as a result (so he claimed), aggregate production had tended not to increase but to diminish.

The idea that British labor is producing less per man-hour is widely prevalent at the present time. But according to Mr. T. Barna, the eminent statistician, analyzing wages in the current London and Cambridge Economic Service bulletin, wages now take only 42.4 per cent of the national income, compared with 44.6 per cent in 1938; and Mr. Barna claims that "there is no justification for statements that hourly output has fallen as the peak of war production was passed."

It appears, indeed, that this widespread belief in falling productivity is based on the experience of certain isolated industries, in some of which, undoubtedly, the feeling that some relaxation is due after the arduous years of war is having a temporary debilitating effect.

It will be wiser if industrialists and the administration look a little deeper for the cause of the lag between peak war output and the volume of production appropriate to postwar needs. At the same time, the trade unions might usefully give a little more thought to the long-term effects of the increased wage policies which, in default of a national wages policy, are evidently to be pressed forward.

Analysis of the employment returns suggests that reconversion has been carried out the easy way. The industries which contracted during the war, so that their relatively unessential labor could be used for the national emergency, have regained only about a quarter of the labor that they lost.

Have Retained Labor

Industrial output generally has been largely changed over to peacetime requirements; but the industries which are the backbone of the present export drive, and which are turning out visibly more goods for the home market, are those which were expanded by the war—mainly the metal and engineering groups and chemicals. In the great changeover of labor they have still retained nearly half of the labor-force by which they were then swelled.

There is something artificial about the chronic shortage of labor which is alleged to be, and is, holding up production of innumerable goods at least as urgently needed as the kettles and pans and electrical gadgets which the converted war industries are now turning out in profusion. Despite the still large requirements of the Supply Departments and the special emphasis on exports, the numbers employed on manufacture for the home market are within 10 per cent of the 1939 level; but they are very unevenly distributed. Inferior wages and working conditions are partly to blame—a simple answer to Mr. Heaton, above-quoted, is that, despite the rise in wages, the cotton industry has singularly failed to attract fresh labor. But there is no doubt that this disharmony is equally due to a short-range policy, which aims to get something done quickly, even if it is not quite the right thing.

If this is a fault as between one group of consumption goods and another, it is a far more serious fault as between consumption goods in general and the capital goods of which British industry has been starved during the war—with which, indeed, it was by no means too plentifully equipped before the war.

There have been many well-intentioned statements on the necessity of viewing British industry as a whole in the light of the most progressive technical methods, but nothing concrete has yet been done, and, to all appearances, the question what will happen in a few years' time, when Britain has to face the full blast of competition from the highly-developed industry of the West and the cheap-labor of the East, has not yet begun to trouble the Government.

The inflationary movement is closely bound up with this problem. The mood of the public, as successive Government returns have shown, is inclined towards spending rather than saving. The capital which industry needs is not likely to be forthcoming in the required volume.

Industrialists, making easy profits in a temporary boom, will anyway be less inclined to upset the organization of factories which are still showing good results. There will be demands for higher wages, to keep pace with the cost of living. Bigger wage-packets will be spent in the consumer markets. In short, the output of consumer-goods will be stimulated, and capital equipment will be neglected.

Almost a full year has passed since the end of the war with Japan, and revival is still proceeding on a piecemeal basis, with evidently no deeper idea than to take advantage of the transient sellers' market. What will happen when the abnormal postwar stimulants have worn off is anybody's guess.

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